

CAVALCADE

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91

HOOLEY HANDLED MILLIONS — page 4

NEW HOPE FOR EMOTIONAL CRIPPLES — page 16



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CONTENTS

10

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MOOLEY RANSHLES HILLIONS	
Peter Hagenau	4
I SAW A HUMAN SACRIFICE	
Paul Thon	1
QUEST OF A PAINLESS EXECUTION	
William Burns	11
HE CAPTURED A NATION'S HEART	
James Halliday	20
NEW HOPE FOR EMOTIONAL	
CHIFFLES	
Ray Davis	26
COPS AREN'T DUMB	
Lester Wray	41
LET'S FIGHT IN ROUNDS	
Ray Mitchell	45
THEY MADE WITH THE MUSCLE	
Glen Swenson	51
THE SHIP THAT FOUGHT BACK	
D'Arcy Noland	61
CROWING IS A SIGN OF COURAGE	
Frank Rouse	

Discussion

DOOMED TO DARKNESS	
Morris Cooper	5
QUITS	
C. V. Tuck	4
A SAIL TAKES THE RAIL	
Don Campbell	3

FEATURES

CRIME CAPSULES	12
PICTURE STORIES	7-25, 25-32, 73-75
POINTS TO BETTER HEALTH	32
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE	
MONTH No. 4	54-55
STRANGER AND STRANGER	56
QUICK QUIPS	57
CARTOONS	14, 20, 24, 25, 28, 42, 47, 51

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HOOLEY HANDLED MILLIONS



PETER HARRIS

IN 1947, a destitute old man died in a cheap lodging house in the small town of Long Eaton, Derbyshire. Eighty-seven years before, he had been born in that same town. He had returned there to die.

In the interim, more than \$100,000,000 had passed through his hands. Over two years, in his heyday in the 1930's, he had pocketed \$17,000,000 as personal profit.

His name was a household word throughout England. He was a friend of King Edward VII. He owned a country estate in Derbyshire, another in Cambridgeshire, a town house in Mayfair, a brace of yachts.

The greatest and most successful of all company promotions, his name was Ernest Terah Hooley. He was a financial genius, a maker of millions.

but he was also a crook. He dived through the gallembills of the "night" who avoided and lost in his affairs without hesitation.

He was the son of a humble bookmaker. For a time he followed that trade himself. Eventually he left his 20-shillings-a-week job to trade on real estate in nearby Nottingham. He was energetic and shrewd and had a flair for the property deals that brought him quick profit.

He turned to company promoting. His method appeared to be simple—but its efficacy had been proven by countless sharks and is still being demonstrated.

It consisted, first, of the purchase of a small company.

A bigger company, with a high-sounding name, was then floated

to purchase the first company from Hooley and his clique at a price many times what they had paid for it. The price was paid by the issue of shares in the new company.

Hooley's problem was now to unload these shares on the public and collect his profit in cash. This was accomplished by some device juggling of the books to show a profit, from which a dividend was paid to dangle as bait before prospective "bags."

To help the fraud along, a whitewash campaign was started in the right quarter that the dividend this year was only chickadee to what it would be next year, now that Ernest Terah Hooley, the financial boy wonder, was on the job.

From all directions, avid investors descended upon the Hooley office to "get in on the ground floor."

In a year or so the company would fail—very often simply because it was being run dry as managing director Hooley paid himself fat fees and bonuses. Hooley would communicate with the discontent shareholders and more often than not talk them into trying to recover their losses by a further in a new flotation.

In 1911, Ernest Terah Hooley, decided that he was too big for Nottingham. He moved to London, a hard-faced young scoundrel with cold eyes and an accumulated \$130,000 which he was determined to build into millions. In 12 months he floated 22 companies with a total capital of \$15,000,000.

Hooley's first big coup was the purchase with borrowed money of a famous rubber company for \$15,000,000. Using his old methods, but on a much larger scale, he promoted a new

company, which bought the old company he had acquired for \$15,000,000. Hooley said his associates had made a clear profit of \$1,000,000—"without adding one brick or one machine or the capacity to employ a single extra workman to the company's organization."

It was the booming 1920's and Hooley floated company after company with amazing rapidity. He obtained a quick reputation as a financial wizard. The public fell over themselves in a mad rush to subscribe millions for every Hooley flotation.

One of the first to realize the value of personal publicity and the creation of a "front" to lure the masses, Hooley declined the use of an ordinary office. He engaged an entire floor at one of the grander London hotels and held court there like a potentate. The rent of \$10,000 a year meant nothing.

To him flocked financiers, stockholders, investors, journalists, inventors and company sharks of all kinds with "interesting propositions." It is said that as much as \$250 was frequently paid to one of his underlings for the securing of an interview with the tycoon.

Hooley early realized the attraction of shares of small concentrations for the investor with but a few kilp pounds. He split them down to a shilling. Shopgirls and servants, clerks and clerical men poured out their savings and temporarily became avid readers of the newspaper financial columns.

The minor-league director, while not inspired by Ernest Terah Hooley, really became a permanent feature of the shady financial scene through him. A "pennies-plit," of course, is a

ailed persons serving as a director of a company merely for the use of his name. His purpose is to attract class-conscious spectators and the like to dog shows in their stockings.

In Victoria days, a title was regarded with more awe than it is now. The "game-pige" were to lull the unwary into the belief that if it was good enough for "His Grace," it must be good enough for their few pounds. Hockley had a set rule for their service. A full-blown duke could always command £25,000; a marquis or an earl was worth £10,000 of Hockley's money; a peer, ordinary (baronet class) comparatively cheaply—£5000.

In his quest for publicity, Hockley volunteered lavishly and poured out gifts for charity. He mixed with the bluest bloods of England. He bought two peacocks.

For convenience to live, Hockley purchased Pagewood Hall in Cambridge-shire. A huge estate, it cost him £250,000 in improvements. Furniture accounted for another £40,000 of his lost. Hockley's expenditures ranged from £10,000 for wine to £15,000 for buying in a stock of capons.

Soon after acquiring Pagewood Hall, Hockley became High Sheriff of Cambridgeshire and reached the pinnacle of his career. He made a gift of a estate of wild plain, valued at £10,000, to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral in honour of Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

A bankruptcy was hinted to be in the offing. Hockley thought it would do no harm to help those along a little by presenting £200,000 to the Conservative Party.

By now he had begun to mix with royalty. The Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) invited him to Sand-

ingham for week-ends. He wanted Hockley to join the select circle of well-known friends with whom he surrounded himself—the Kothschidls, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir John Lubbock, Maple and others.

Hockley might have impressed the Prince, but the others did not take to him at all. The Prince noticed their odd behaviour and led Hockley over to Richmond, Lord Kothschid.

"Buddy," he said, "I want you to shake hands with my very particular friend, Hockley."

Kothschid greeted, but as His Royal Highness seemed to see he did so, he had no choice but to shake Ernest Trench Hockley had really "arrived" socially.

Within a year, however, all had come crashing to the ground. During 1895 and 1897, Hockley floated companies with a nominal value of £20,000,000 and projected astronomical sales—like Financial difficulties, nevertheless, were haunting him.

He had to pump money back into many of his concerns to keep them alive. He was forced to disengage enormous sums in black-and-red. He made it a policy that it was a good one which kept him out of jail for many years of paying off any shareholder who turned nasty and seemed likely to cause trouble. His own incredibly extravagant swallowed what was left.

The end was inevitable. In 1898, Ernest Trench Hockley filed his own petition of bankruptcy, declaring liabilities of £1,500,000. The byline had been: The Blue-Blooded Friends who had wed with each other for his friendship and "pinks" dropped him like a bad copier.

Hockley did not mind. By 1898, all

an undischarged bankrupt, he was off again visiting the public to convert in half a dozen crooked companies.

But his star had waned somewhat. Never again did he reach the heights he did in the 1880's. But he still made money—big money. He had lost Pagewood Hall and needed another residence. His wife produced £75,000 to buy a slightly smaller property, Basky Hall, in Derbyshire.

In 1900 he formed a company to exploit a gold concession at Salsbery which he had received from the Russian Czar. Cloely he asked the company for one million pounds for the right. The Russians, to whom he had paid £75,000, considered this gratifying and withdrew his concession.

Undeterred with this failure, Hockley reached into his hat and produced a scheme to exploit 20 square miles of forest land in Newfoundland. It was followed by a grandiose plan to turn a small English canal for which he had paid £10,000 into a one million pound proposition.

These companies — and scores of others—kept the wolf from Hockley's door for years. As a sideline, he returned to real estate. Soon he was putting through land deals at the rate of £1,000,000 a year.

As an undischarged bankrupt, such schemes should have gone to the Official Receiver. However, by working through a mass of companies and agents, Hockley managed to hang on to most of what he made.

His head lost little of its cunning as he grew older. In 1912 he was found guilty of obtaining £2000 by false pretences in a property trans-

action. He served 12 months imprisonment. When he came out he continued his old tricks, though on a much reduced scale. The law did not catch up with him again until 1921, when he was sentenced to three years for fraud.

Following his old methods, he promoted a £10,000 cotton mill into a top-heavy £150,000 enterprise, making a clear profit for himself of £25,000 in shares. The accounts were fixed to declare a 25 per cent dividend. The shares ship-riddled Hockley sold out all he held and the company collapsed.

After he served his term, he returned to Basky Hall. He managed to hold on to this property until he was 80, when he was too old to continue the sucker hunt on which he had been engaged for so long.

He returned to Lower Eaton where he was born and lived out his life frugally on his meagre savings. There were all sorts of tales told just made up for an old age person when death ended his worries.



I SAW A HUMAN SACRIFICE

Frozen with horror the terrified girl waited for the huge bird to alight on the victim's head

PAUL I. ELTON



I SAW a human sacrifice. I watched in silent horror as a young girl was slain, and her warm blood offered in sacrifice, in the secret rites of a strange, wild people of the Lebanon mountains. I saw the hellish-sacred ceremonies of this mysterious, primitive sect in their holy cave.

I was invited, by an intimate friend, to witness this ceremony, a member of the sect who was a prominent businessman and a scholar, as well. It was a Friday morning in October when we set out on horseback from Damascus. We rode westward for about four hours across the barren, sparsely inhabited land. Wearing the typical clothing of desert dwellers, we appeared like any other country travelers. Gradually we penetrated into the foothills of the Lebanon mountains. As we entered a valley, we were met by a dozen horsemen dressed in long white robes and turbans.

They greeted us with grave dignity. After we dismounted, they served us strong Arabic tea and small sweet biscuits baked from finely ground corn meal. They had a peculiar, salty taste, which I could not identify. Later I learned that the biscuits were spiced with powdered hellebore, an ingredient prepared from hemp.

My friend introduced me as a member of the sect and scholar from Cairo. He said that I had remained

loyal to the sect but that, unfortunately, I suffered from a grave physical affliction I was a deaf mute. This disguise had been previously arranged between us, and I had been cautioned not to speak intelligently, under any circumstances, but to use my hands to convey my meaning and desires. To play my difficult role convincingly, I occasionally made guttural, growling sounds, as if trying to speak.

We rode deeper into the valley and finally came to a tent encampment. Here we spent the night. Apparently my friend's introduction had satisfied the sect so no further attention was paid to me. I was tense and apprehensive, however, as I understood every word that was spoken.

By noon of the next day, over a thousand people were assembled at the encampment. A large gang was struck and we mounted our animals and rode deeper into the valley. Within a few hours we came to the mouth of a large cave at whose entrance stood a group of priests.

Entering quietly with the others, I found that we were in a large cavern some ten feet high and about 300 feet in length. The bright sunlight outside seeped in and filled the cave with gray semi-visibility. In the deep, dark recesses, priests held smoking torches aloft. At the far end of the cave I saw a large stone anvil, or Greek cross, on a stone pedestal. Three steps led up to the platform. On the top step, directly in front of the anvil, was an altar stone. Its surface shape was familiar to me as I had seen others just like it which were known to have been used by the Communists for their blood sacrifices. I shuddered as I in-

stantly recognized its ritual significance.

Among me the members of the sect stood silently in reverential expectation. I experienced a feeling of reluctance and, at the same time, a rather pleasurable excitement, very likely induced by the lurid-fire-colored lights.

After waiting for an hour, a group of white-robed priests moved across the entrance to the cave, closing it with a living wall.

Suddenly I was startled by a wave of concerted movement at the altar. A dozen young girls had flung up to it and now were standing on the bottom step. They were dressed in long flowing gowns. They were unveiled, their clear, youthful faces solemn and wonderful. Each one held in her hands a musical instrument very much like a tambourine. Up to this moment the priests had neither chanted nor prayed. There was only dense silence softly broken by the nervous shuffling of countless feet.

Then I was startled by a sound like the beating of silken-covered drums. I looked above the altar and saw scores of large birds coming out and flying back and forth in the cave, whipping the air with their wings. These birds resembled eagles, some of a dark-brown color and having a wingspread of nearly three feet. In that dim, low-ceilinged cave, flying swiftly over our heads, they appeared monstrous.

From behind the altar a man's deep, resonant voice began to speak. I listened intently to catch the words but only here and there could I understand a phrase. When the voice ceased, the birds became silent, too.

perching on the heads and shoulders of the priests who guarded the entrance to the cave.

At once the girls on the altar step began to beat their tambourines in unison with the intonations of the priest. The chant went on and on, seemingly interminably, the voice and the music growing ever louder and louder. The crowd rose to a roar that filled the cave, echoing from its every wall. Just as the sound became deafening, unbearable, it suddenly stopped.

The swift transition to silence was bewilderment.

After a long moment of silence, the maidens began to drum their tambourines again, in accompaniment to a new voice from behind the altar: a woman's clear, high soprano. The chant continued, murmur and vibrant.

Again, abruptly, there was silence. I saw that all the people in the cave were making a silent prayer. After the prayer, the chanting began again, but now in a more rapid tempo, faster and faster. The effect on the masses of this rapidly shouted chant, with the words pounded out at the top of the lungs, was electric. I was suffused by a most curious sensation of recklessness and egotism. When I felt that the hypnotic rhythm would overwhelm me, it faded gently and I fell against the wall of the cave, exhausted and lulled in cold preparation.

The priestess ended her prayer, a great wave struck, and the worshippers moved slowly out of the cave. It was night when I awoke, in the hallway. Food was served to the multitude. This time the banquet given to such parties was large, almost a small

feast. It still had that salty, spicy flavor of husband, like the others.

I was returning with questions to ask my companion, but I had to remain silent and not eat my part as a deaf mute. After about two hours of relocation, I noticed that on a nearby hill a group of priests were looking intently into the night sky. They were, I saw, watching the constellation Cassiopeia. Finally, when the constellation was at the right altitude, the high priest, surrounded by his attendants, returned to the cave. The multitude followed and entered the cavern which was now, it being night, lit by hundreds of torches.

Again the twelve girls stood on the lowest step of the altar. The first time they were dressed in a single, transparent white garment.

Again the whirl of wings was heard. But this time only one bird rose up from behind the altar. It flew back and forth in slow, wheating circles. Whenever it headed toward the entrance, the guardian priests with their torches drove it back toward the altar. As the bird flew, the tambourines and the girls and the great host steadily. There was no human voice. The bird kept flying around the cave, desperately searching for a place to alight while the priests continued to wave their flaming torches, to the accompaniment of the average beating of the gang and the tambourines.

The feet of the girls were white as chalk, their eyes wide with terror as they followed the great, searching bird, striking their tambourines with jerky, staccato movements.

The bird became tired and tired to alight. It came down on a ledge of

rock jutting from the wall, close by the altar. But the high priest stood in its way with a stick, forcing it to fly again. This was repeated several times. Once the bird came down on the altar stone and was driven off. It tried to break through the row of torches at the entrance but was driven back.

This continued for over two hours as the audience watched in fascination. Finally, with one long sweep, the exhausted bird settled down and alighted on the head of one of the young girls before the altar.

Instantly, drums hidden in the depths of the cave began to pound furiously, the gang was struck repeatedly, and all of the worshippers began to shout and stamp their feet on a frantic dance. The priests extinguished their torches and the cave was suddenly enveloped in pitch blackness. And above the pandemonium of the drums, the gang, and the shouting, a piercing scream was heard like a dagger plunged into the mouth of darkness.

There was immobility. For perhaps ten minutes, maybe longer, the mad frenzy continued. Then the blackness died down to less than a whisper. The growth around the altar belched their torches, one by one. In the flickering, smoky light I saw, lying on the wonderful altar, the girl on whose head the bird had rested.

After I returned safely to Damascus, I met it for three days. To me, the entire horror of the ritual was clear, its symbolism directly descended from ancient pagan rites. Blood sacrifice, from earliest times, has had the deepest significance among many peoples. The story of Abraham, called to sacrifice his son

KNOWING HER MAN

They were dressing for a festive ball—

The time was early spring—
He gave his spouse a beautiful doll—

"I look every inch a king—"

She'd soon be his wife for many
a year—

Too long for him to fool
her—

Swing, his girl, she said,
"My dear,

You look every inch a
ruler!"

—RAY-JOE

know, is familiar to all. As far back as the First Dynasty in Egypt, five thousand years ago, the ancient knew of the circulation of the blood in the body, and treated it as the carrier of life, that is, of the soul.

At the same time, birds were venerated as symbols of supernatural power. The bird alone among animals, including earth-croppers men, was able to lift itself up to the heavens. Birds dwell between God and man, between heaven and earth. The bird was the messenger of God, the representative of supreme celestial power.

The members of the sect whom secret ceremony I witnessed based their religion on the theory of the transmigration of souls and believed that the souls of the dead are in the birds, hovering between heaven and earth, seeking new bodies to enter. To propitiate and nourish these souls, once each year in this high ceremony they offer the birds the blood of a man.

DOOMED

I shot him and he went blind! Now after 10 years in jail, I came back to finish off the job.

TO DARKNESS



THE one thing that kept me from going mad was what the other prisoners termed the deadly, mind-numbing routine. I have a passion for orderliness for a life set and patterned. I like to know in advance what I will have for breakfast; I like the assurance that every event in my day is the result of planning.

I came to anticipate the hour each night after the prison lights went out. The thin, tight mattress held my body suspended, and for sixty minutes I thought of Tom Westdrake. Sixty minutes a night for ten years on eternity of time to hate and remember—to hate Tom Westdrake with a fervor that was my religion,

to remember Lydia and the plans I had built around her. Those plans had been smashed the day Westdrake told me Lydia and he were going to marry.

We were in the cabin near Clear Lake—the same cabin we had bought the summer after we'd gone into business, the same cabin I had brought Lydia to after fishing her out of the lake when her boat had capsized. Westdrake crunched like he was telling me about a fish he'd caught. "Lydia and I are going to be married next month."

A huge log blazed in the open fireplace but I felt as chilled as

though the icy waters of Clear Lake had engulfed me. My throat was dry and a sudden hatred of Tom Westdrake surged in my veins.

"So your money finally got her away from me," I said.

"You know that's not true, Harry," Westdrake spoke quietly. "We drew the same amount from the business. It's no fault of mine if your share dips through your fingers as though it were water."

"Look," I shouted, "the money's mine and I can do with it as I please."

Westdrake nodded his head. "I agree with you, Harry, as long as you rid yourself of the fool notion that Lydia is interested in money. We happen to love each other."

When I finally spoke, I tried to keep my emotions under control. "Look, Tom, I'm in love with Lydia and I've planned a whole future with her. You can't ruin my life like this."

Westdrake laughed. "The longer I know you, Tommies, the more you ago against me. Your life, your plans?"—he slouched deeper into the chair and laughed again—"That's all that interests you. You're no more in love with Lydia than you are with the man in the moon. If you were, your first concern would be for her happiness."

The smile left his face. "If I thought for a moment you could make her happier than I could, I'd gladly step aside. But you're incapable of loving anyone except yourself."

I listened to that speech without moving a muscle, and when he finished, Tom Westdrake leaned his head back and closed his eyes, dismissing me. And suddenly I knew what I must do. Tom had become an im-

pediment to me, an ink blot on my blueprint. Either I would have to drive up a set of new plans—or erase him.

I took the single-barreled shotgun from the rack next to the door, picked up a sixteen-eight cartridge. He spanned his eyes when he heard the click as my thumb cocked the hammer.

I gave him one more chance. "I don't want to kill you, Westdrake. But I promise you I will, unless you call off this marriage with Lydia."

Westdrake said, "You've been making too many movies. Tommies, and had ones at that."

I squeezed the trigger.

Tom Westdrake didn't die, and I got ten years. The judge said that it was an insufficient penalty to pay for the eyes Tom Westdrake lost, but that was the maximum the law allowed him to impose.

I tried to explain that it was all Westdrake's fault, that none of it would have happened if he hadn't upset my plans. The judge called me a heartless monster.

Tom Westdrake and Lydia were married the day I was sentenced, and that night I began my ten years of hate.

I closed the cabin door and leaned my back against the rough-knotted pine. Tom Westdrake sat in the same easy chair, his long legs stretched in front of him, his hands crossed on his lap. The big low daisied shadow over his face, and for no instant it seemed as though the past ten years had never been—it seemed as if we were back to that day Tom had told me of his engagement to Lydia.

Then his voice broke the momentary spell. "Hello, Harry." It seemed

notion, and held a strange white-
standing never there before. There
were streaks of gray at his temples,
and dark glasses hid the eyes which
I had robbed of life.

"You don't seem surprised," I
said.

"I know you would come. That's
why I've been waiting here for you
alone." The dark lenses of his
glasses seemed to sparkle at me and

a sudden captivation came into my
mind. I crossed the room in swift
 strides and jerked off his glasses.

I saw the twin holes, the dead
sore that covered them looked like
the weather-worn ground over long-
forgotten graves. Westlake put out
a groping hand and I looked back
as though it were stretched forth
from hell.

He turned his head and his amazed

eyes seemed to hold me in their
grip. "If you're satisfied, I'd like my
glasses."

I hurried them to the floor and
ground them with my back; the glass
splinters ate and tore at the wooden
floor. Then I laughed and sat down
and the pounding left my heart. "So
you had me followed," I said.

Westlake shook his head. "No one
followed you. I know how your mind
works."

"Then it won't come up as a shock
that I mean to kill you?"

"Those dead eyes of his seemed to
bore through me. 'I know,' he said.
'That's why I've been waiting.'"

I went to the window—the clearing
was deserted and there was no sign
of life on the dead-white lake. West-
lake followed my movements with
his eyes. "We're alone," he said.

I turned from the window. "You
took ten years of my life and you
took Lydia."

Tom Westlake said, "They'll catch
you. They'll catch you and they'll
hang you."

I nodded agreement, as if he could
see me. "I've been dead for ten
years. They'll be hanging a dead
man."

"You're crazy," Tom Westlake
said.

"Maybe." My hands felt cold and
I walked over to the open fireplace.

"I'm in no hurry. I've waited ten
years for that, and I want you to
have time to think. Think of Lydia—
and think of the life you stole from
me." I felt the gentle warmth of the
fire on my fingers.

Tom Westlake sat there, silently.
I wanted to see him hurt, to hear
him cry out in pain. "You've got a
couple of kids, haven't you?" I
laughed. "A couple of kids that I
made sure you wouldn't see."

His voice came so low I could
hardly hear. "A boy and a girl. That's
why I waited here for you."

"Do you think they're going to
make me change my mind?" I
looked across the room at the gun
rack, at the same shelves I had
used ten years before.

"No," Westlake answered my
question. "But I know you'd come
back to finish your job—to kill me.
No matter where I was. And I didn't
want to take a chance on any of
them getting hurt."

"How thoughtful," I said. I walked
over to the gun rack, slowly. His
eyes watched my steps, and I felt the
concentrated hatred of ten years
course like living fire through my
veins.

I took the shotgun from the rack

and put a cartridge into the breach.

I watched Tom Westlake. He sat
there, waiting, like an actor who
knew the lines in the script. There
was no weakness in his body, no
sudden flickering of muscles for a
last desperate effort at escape. I checked
back the hammer and put the ball
against my shoulder.

"Damn you!" I cried. I wanted to
see that look of power vanish from
his face. I wanted to see fear. And
I knew how I could tear at his
heart before he died.

I pointed the barrel at Westlake's
face. "You think you've won, don't
you? Then take this to hell with
you. Before they get me, I'll send
Lydia and her kids to keep you
company."

I squeezed the trigger and the
world flashed and thundered and
blew up in my face.

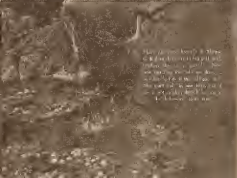
My life is not now. I have my
pattern of darkness that knows no
difference between day and night.
Tom Westlake gave me this—in
payment for the place he upset.

Sometimes I hear again the voice
that came when the frailer had
died in my arms, and I remember the
words spoken with startling clarity.

Westlake figured the poker
would make another stab at him and
he knew how his cracked brain
worked. So he poured colder down
the barrel of that shotgun until it
was as solid as an iron rod. When
Trommer pulled the trigger and fired
that cartridge, the exploding gas had
to go somewhere, and it blew the
breach right into his face. He's a
man, but he'll live."

I wonder, sometimes, if the dead
sore that cover my eyes look like
the weather-worn ground over long-
forgotten graves.





How do you know it's there?
 "I don't know," she said, "but
 I'm sure it's there. I'm sure
 it's there. I'm sure it's there."
 "I'm sure it's there," she said.
 "I'm sure it's there," she said.



Well, what do you know—she didn't
 go over the water board and she is
 in more style than ever. The question
 is: How can she hit the ball from that
 position? And what will happen if
 she misses? Has anyone a towel—
 just to wet?
 Well, she didn't get wet. But we
 didn't see her hit the ball. Surely she
 wouldn't cheat! Anyway, here she is
 totting up her score. Judging by her
 expression, she didn't do so well. But
 who cares about her getting ability
 when she's so well? Just Billie Jean
 (Elizabeth)



Gibson



"Please! Miss Southern! Please don't go on! You're breaking my heart!"

When hanged, the victim dies instant-ly. The same fate is met in store for the victims of the electric chair.

WILLIAM HAZEN



QUEST OF A PAINLESS EXECUTION

WHEN John and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were put to death in the electric chair in Sing Sing last June, the event was covered by every newspaper in U.S.A. Four hours after the execution, every paper was carrying the gruesome details of the tedious dying moments.

The Constitution of the United States specifically forbids cruel and inhuman punishment. Yet, from the graphic descriptions of witnessing journalists, one could almost smell the spicy burning flesh, as the "blue smoke," as one journalist put it, "curled up to the ceiling."

After three charges of electricity were sent through her body, attending doctors were shocked to dis-

cover that Ethel Rosenberg was still alive! During the administration of the voltage, her hands clenched and unclenched. Finally, after five massive currents had been sent through her, Ethel Rosenberg was pronounced dead.

No matter how heinous his crime has been, it is generally felt that a damned man should be put to death as quickly as possible—and as painlessly. In Australia and England, and in most states of America, there is one form of capital punishment that is instantaneous and painless—hanging.

When a hanging is done correctly, the victim's neck is broken as soon as the trap is sprung. Unfortunately,

however, this method was begun in an era when torture was an acceptable practice. The fact that even a hanged hanging had been considered more humane than any of the prevailing torture methods, serves to veil the truth about the means of dealing out death. As a result, many people, particularly in places where hanging is not done, have the impression that hanging allows the victim to endure his last minutes in the agony of strangulation. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In the stories we, hanging is successfully employed at the Connecticut State Prison at Wallingford, Conn. Gerald Chapman, the noted bank robber, was executed there as he stood on the ground. A noosed rope was placed about his neck in the time-honored fashion. The rope which had previously been raised was wholly inflexible and could not be stretched. The other end of the hemp was passed through a large pulley and attached to a huge steel weight. At the moment of the execution, the weight was dropped from a great height, and Chapman was killed instantaneously.

Most modern hangings proceed without a hitch. Nine states, including Delaware, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, Montana, New Hampshire, Utah, Washington and the four territories of Alaska, Panama Canal, Hawaii, and the Virgin Islands execute criminals with a stiff rope and a short drop.

The U. S. Federal Government usually executes hanged at a mark of shame far apart and very remote. However, lately, it has been making it a practice of hiring the execution facilities of the state in which the criminal has been tried, or, if that

state does not have capital punishment, facilities of the nearest state that does kill capital offenders. Since New York, where the Rosenbergs were brought to trial, was the alternative choice, the story often was repeated in this manner.

Much has been made by the communists that the Rosenbergs were innocent. Yet, the first woman ever put to death by the Federal Government was actually *not* guilty of the crime of which she was accused. After Abraham Lincoln had been murdered by John Wilkes Booth, Mary Surratt was arrested with Lewis Thornton Powell (also Payne), David E. Harold, and George A. Atanardi.

Mrs. Surratt, who ran a boarding house, was accused of taking part in the conspiracy to assassinate President Lincoln. The other three men who were undoubtedly guilty lived in her house and used it as a meeting place with Booth. Mrs. Surratt, along with the others, was sentenced to death by a military tribunal contrary to her constitutional rights and hanged.

After her death and after the death of John Wilkes Booth, a diary belonging to Booth was found. This journal explicitly exculpated Mrs. Surratt from even the slightest knowledge of the conspiracy. It could be veridically construed to read that Mrs. Surratt's death was at least a quack and needless one.

In the middle of the 19th century, hanging was the most popular form of execution in the United States, and it frequently was done cheaply. Most victims of the gallows were not as lucky as Mary Surratt. Out West, where rodeo parties were held for captured bandits and cow

boys, the victims were generally allowed to struggle to death.

On July 18, 1880, when "Black Jack" Ketchum, a noted killer and team rider in the frontier country of Arizona and New Mexico, was brought to justice, his hanging was so bungled that some of the spectators were physically affected.

When the trap was sprung, Ketchum was not hanged, he was decapitated.

It wasn't until the execution of Redman Tom Horn in Cheyenne, Wyoming, November 10, 1901, that Westerners revealed some humane outside toward hanging. First, the tender-hearted sheriff installed a huge tarpaulin over the door of Horn's cell, so that the prison would not see the spectators witnessing the gallows. Tom staggered briefly, "The hell with that thing! Take the tarp away. I can't breathe in here." The deputies removed the tarpaulin.

The execution itself was speeded by means of the highly tested Julian Trap, an invention of J. F. Julian, an itinerant cabinet maker. It operated automatically by use of water weights. It was rented for 100 dollars, saving a hangman's fee, and for those days, it killed its victim humanely. Horn was peacefully sent into the afterworld.

Hanging is frequently mentioned in the Bible as the ultimate indignity for murderers, rapists, and adulterers. The Persians, the Greeks, and most of the pre-Christian world were acquainted with the stiff rope and the short drop.

But it took the early English kings to make hanging socially and politically acceptable. In those days, the gallows were highly overworked.

A Texas man was on the rodeo range and, at 180 yards, he named the target with every shot. But, at 300 yards and beyond, he scored bullseyes with every shot. A competitor thought this strange and asked him for the reason. "Well, it's like this," replied the Texas "Back home we never bother to shoot at anything less than 500 yards away. We just throw rocks."

During the reign of Henry VIII, it is estimated that some 70,000 persons were hanged, an average of one per day.

There were more than 30 different offenses that would warrant the noose. Vagrancy, carrying loose living, and religious persecutions were among the causes of death on the gallows. However, in the early days of hanging, the English stubbornly clung to the belief that the sky was inflexible. There is one description of the execution of a man convicted of "whipping the Almighty in the unprecedented manner," wherein the victim slipped from his noose only to be hooked to death.

In Chicago, during the Twenties, a small-time bootlegger who called himself the "Devil" was convicted on a murder charge. A cunning man, he remarkably planned a method of "retreating to life" after being hanged. Because Illinois law then allowed relatives to claim the body immedi-

ately after execution, the "Devil" had his machine waiting outside the jail with an ambulance fully equipped with heating devices and adrenalin.

It was the "Devil's" plan to starve himself to the lowest possible weight prior to the execution. Then he would leap injury, so that he would have to be carried to the gallows in a chair. His reduced weight, plus his reclining position, he figured accurately, would prevent his neck from being broken. He was depending on quick action by his fellow hoodlums to grab his body just after his heart stopped beating, put it into the ambulance, and try to revive it with heat and adrenalin.

The "Devil" had tried it on one of his own men who had been executed several months before, and it worked.

However, when the "Devil" was hauled into the ambulance himself, several curious policemen began making an investigation, holding up the ambulance long enough to thwart them from reviving their leader.

Most states in the U.S.A. use the electric chair for killing capital offenders. The general belief is that a current will knock unconscious its victim before becoming lethal. This is not always true. Some victims, because they can withstand more electricity than others, are forced to endure the torture of burning. There is nothing the executioner can do to prevent this.

On the other hand, hanging has been improved to such a point, that it is without a doubt the most humane means of execution in the world.



"Read that last paragraph again . . . it doesn't seem to make sense."

Ernie Pyle was America's most beloved war reporter. He was the author of the 1945 "We" and the posthumous "Ernie Pyle's War".



HE CAPTURED A NATION'S HEART

JAMES HOLLIDGE

ON a hilltop in Albuquerque, New Mexico, there stands a modest, white, weatherboard house that is well on the way to becoming a national shrine.

Each day, tens of thousands from all over the Union drive up outside. They spend up with people seeking a quick visit to their well for town or place connection. Family trailers arrive and disgorge men, women and children. With the vast look of pilgrims, they all climb the hill and enter. Later they come out and drive away, silent and thoughtful. Some are drying tears with their handkerchiefs.

The house was once the home of one of the most beloved figures of war time—a slim, frail, bald-headed

man who seemed to stand for all that was brave and honest and decent in the bloody American struggle that was World War II.

His name was Ernie Pyle. The house, presented by his heirs to the City of Albuquerque, is a permanent monument to his memory, which is revered by millions.

Ernie Pyle was a kindly, sensitive little fellow. His eye-moistening despatch as a war correspondent in a down front brass-knit of the simplicity and pathos and human interest that common people can understand and love—made him a legend from one end of America to the other and took him into the heart of almost every American serviceman.

The war, people said, produced two things—the jeep and Ernie Pyle. When a Japanese machine-gunner on the tiny Pelelie Island of Iwo Jima killed him with a stray shot on April 11, 1945, the news of his death scored its way into the nation's heart. Men wept unashamedly, for, from generals down to the shipper, undisputed GI Ernie Pyle was a great man. He was great because he was one of the few war correspondents who wrote about the ordinary soldiers. He lived with them and died with them. He got the material for his columns by living in the lines under fire with his subjects.

Before the war, Ernie Pyle was an obscure writing reporter. He travelled the American, writing about the farmers, hillbills, bartenders and bums he met. His pieces appeared in about 40 newspapers. He made hardly more than enough to continue his wanderings with his wife in an old car.

He was shy, sick and slow-thinking with none of the traditional dash and drive of the star reporter. Then came the war. The subeditor—the small people whom Ernie met and wrote about—became important. The bartenders, hillbills and the rest were in uniform—the amazing heroes of Tunisia, Arlun, D-Day and Iwo Jima.

Ernie Pyle in his dispatches gave these unknown heroes to the world—particularly the lively subeditors, "who lives and dies most colorfully." He became the speech of the GIs—generally those GIs who were cold and wet and hungry and forgotten.

As John Steinbeck once said: "There are really two wars. There is the war of campaign, strategy and regiments—and that is General Marshall's war. There there is the war of

household, weary, funny, violent, common men who wash their socks in their helmets, complain about the food, whistle at girls, and lay themselves through as dirty a business as the world has ever seen and do it with honesty and dignity and courage—and that is Ernie Pyle's war."

Writing about these "common men," Ernie Pyle became overnight the war's most popular reporter, a living legend. His columns appeared in more than 50 newspapers. His books sold a million copies each. His income over the last two years of his life was close to half a million dollars.

Yet the riches did not alter Ernie Pyle. He owned but one civilian possession—a 40-dollar ready-made. Laundry had no appeal for him. He put his money into war bonds and rolled his own cigarettes. To the end of his days his greatest ambition was to roll a cigarette using only one hand.

After the Allied invasion of Europe on D-Day, 50 per cent of the reader magazine mailed to American newspapers offices were simply "Did Ernie get in safe?"

The simple thoughts on the war and its conduct that occasionally crept into his dispatches were more deeply quoted by politicians than those of any other correspondent. When he returned from Europe in 1945 for a rest, 50 headlines cut around him in Washington's Pentagon Building and pumped him dry of his opinions and suggestions.

Yet, pleasantly, Ernie Pyle refused to participate on subjects about which he thought he knew little. He parried all questions on national politics, war strategy and world affairs. When the Presidential election was coming up, he was asked if he liked Roosevelt

"Sure," said Ernie Pyle. Someone else then queried if he liked Dewey. "Sure," was Ernie's ready answer.

Born in 1899 on his parents' small Indiana farm, Ernie Pyle grew into a wary, mid-headed romantic who early decided he did not want to spend his life "looking at the mouth and a horse going north." He disliked the demagogued crowd, preferring to sit and listen to people talking—or very often just to sit.

True physical awkwardness led him, on entering the University of Indiana, to choose journalism as his course, because it was supposed to be easy. He did not make up his mind until the last moment and selected it because he heard another student remark: "I hear journalism is a breeze."

Barflew and untried, Ernie Pyle attended the University for three years. He became manager of the football team and editor of the campus newspaper, but could not really fit in with the routine. A few months before his graduation, he packed his bags and went off to a job as a small newspaper in the nearby town of La Porte.

He stuck there only three months, until he landed an appointment as the Washington "News" exempt for a brief spell in New York, he was to be anchored in a desk job on the "News" until 1933. He married Geraldine Hutchins, an assistant, Marie Ung clerk in a Government office, and seemed fated to be a quiet, competent and unknown journalist for the rest of his life. "A good man but not read, drive," was the general view of him by his colleagues.

However, during these 12 years at a desk, Ernie Pyle was not happy. Although he was naturally reserved

and silent, he liked nothing more than getting around and meeting people—ordinary people—and passing with them. While contemplating from a spell of idleness in 1933, he took a holiday motor trip with his wife Gwendolyn to Jerry's through the rugged, beautiful Southwest. He eventually went back to Washington determined not to spend the rest of his life at a desk in a drab, dusty, commonplace newspaper office. He had an idea to be a string reporter.

A dozen sample pieces he wrote on his holiday travels impressed the editor of the paper, "They had a sort of Mink Twain quality and they knocked my eyes right out," he has since confessed. In August, 1935, Ernie Pyle, on a salary of 300 dollars a week, set out to see the Americas for the paper's readers.

He roved for the next five years. He crossed the continent 25 times and went out three motor cars. He stood on the shores of the Bering Sea and



clashed at the Arctic. Anything that took his fancy became the subject of a daily column—also, dogs, appeared trousers, the art of rolling a cigarette.

By his side was his beloved Jerry, whom he referred to in his reports as "That Girl." He wrote about her—what she said and how he loved her. He wrote about his father, who was "a good man without being repulsive about it."

He went to Alaska and was shaved by a woman barber. He met a toothless backwoodsman, who made him blanch at a bear's teeth and then cheerfully ate the bear with its own teeth.

Gradually his readers grew as they came to know the quiet little writer who shared his adventures and

jays and volubility with them daily. Backlogs, was something from which he was rarely free. Yet he would make little of it. "If I'm going to be sick all the time," he wrote, "I might as well drop all outside interests and devote my career to being sick. Maybe in time I could become the sickest man in America."

But for all that, these years of home roving made up the happiest period of Ernie Pyle's life. He was doing what he wanted to do. It was all preparation for Ernie Pyle's greatest assignment—the reporting of the war. When the chance came in 1940 he was ready for it.

"A small voice came in the night and said, 'Go,'" was how Ernie Pyle described his decision to forsake his American travels and enter the war.

With his savings he bought the white house in Albuquerque that he now has memorial in it. "That Girl," his Jerry (jammed down to wait for him).

Pyle went to London to cover the Blitz, and his readers and followers multiplied as he reported the heroism in powerful, beautiful and restrained style.

Not until he landed in Africa in 1942, however, did his readers know, as he told the stories of the common soldiers everyone else forgot.

The Ernie Pyle legend really started one day when the other correspondents reported an important interview with Admiral Dorian. Ernie ignored the interview and used all his space to tell of a personal experience.

He had been hurrying to the interview when overhead came the constant roar of a herd of strafing Stukas. Pyle dove into a ditch, on the back of a soldier who was walking ahead of him. When quiet came again and he was able to look up, he tapped the soldier on the shoulder. "Where, that was close, buddy," he gasped. There was no answer. Pyle involuntarily snatched his head away as he realized the man was dead.

Through the length and breadth of the Tunisian battle area, Ernie Pyle foraged out the obscure heroes. He was bombed and shelled and machine-gunned, but he got to know every American unit in North Africa—particularly the infantry, whom he called "the mud-pie-front-and-wing boys."

At home people began to talk about the Ernie Pyle despatches. His name was born. Relatives sent shipments of them back to the GI sublegs.

The common soldiers realized that at last they had a voice—someone

who knew their difficulties and problems and what they faced. They grew to love the frail little man in crumpled battle-dress, for they knew he forced himself to share their every danger. They knew that he kept on sharing them, although physically sick and racked with nerves that made him scream in his sleep at remembered horrors. When he passed a company of infantry, every man yelled, "Hi, Ernie!" Whenever a priest or a soldier in the lines, excited man came to the windows to see if Ernie Pyle was in it.

From North Africa, Pyle went on to Italy. The death and destruction, the pain and bloodshed of war were now beginning to affect him mentally as well as physically. He came to know "the terrible weariness of mind and soul that overcomes men after weeks under fire."

"It's the constant roar of engines," he wrote, "and the perpetual moving and the never ending down and the go, go, go, right and day, and on through the night again. Eventually it all works itself into an emotional tapestry of one dull, dead pattern—yesterday is tomorrow, and when will we ever stop and, God, I'm so tired!"

Nevertheless, he still sought out the toughest and dangerous assignments. He went in at the perilous Anzio beachhead and had his narrowest escape. He was sleeping in a ruined villa that was made the target for a stick of 800-pounds by a German bomber. The villa was turned into a mountain of rubble. From the middle of it, unharmed except for a scratched cheek, emerged Ernie Pyle—to be dubbed "Old Indestructible" by his relieved colleagues.

In 1944, Ernie Pyle went to England



"O'Keefe my little slipped"



for the D-Day landings in France. Normandy was truly all over again—only worse. For two and a half years he had followed the war, Ernie Pyle now decided the cause, the harvest, the death of battle. He was afraid, but like most brave men, he recognized his fear and fought it—over though haunted by a constant premonition of his own death.

He confided to a fellow correspondent that the thought of going into a battle area now gave him "the willies." Instead of becoming used to danger," he said, "I've become less used to it. I've begun to feel I have used up all my chances."

In his columns, however, Ernie Pyle's stories were still warm and comforting and humorous. Few could guess the horrors the misanthropic little man endured to do his job.

To his wife he explained how he could not give it up: "I've been part of the misery and tragedy of this war for so long," he confided, "that I've come to feel a responsibility to it. I don't know quite how to put it into words, but I feel that if I left, it would be like a soldier deserting."

But there is a limit to human endurance. Ernie Pyle reached his when he was caught at the Battle of St. Lo, where a terrific force of 2500 American planes accidentally bombed front line American troops as the graced, Ernie Pyle was in that front line.

Reflexively the bombers came over in gigantic waves and dropped death on their comrades below. The battle began, like the crackle of popcorn, and almost instantly revolved into a murderous fury of hate that seemed surely to destroy all the world," de-

scribed Pyle in his report home.

As the death charges came down, Pyle dove into a trench beside an officer. "We lay with our hands slightly up—the two inches-staring at each other as turtle eggs—until it was over," he said. "There is no description of the sound and fury of those bombs except to say it was silent and a waiting for darkness."

Of all his war experiences, Ernie Pyle found this bombing the most horrible. So shattered were his nerves he knew he had to pull out before his sanity was affected. "I'd become so shocked, so nauseated by the sight of small kids having their heads blown off," he explained to his wife, "that I'd lost track of the whole point of the war. I'd reached a point where I felt there was no ideal worth the death of one more man."

Ernie Pyle went home, back to "That Girl" who was waiting in Albuquerque. He regained his perspective—and knew he had to get off again to war. "I have no choice," he told Jerry. "I feel a sense of duty towards the soldiers. I've become their conscience, the only one they have. They look to me."

So Ernie Pyle winged off from San Francisco across the Pacific. He received a last letter from "That Girl." "My love reaches out to you—so strongly—and waits so much for you. Miss you, my Ernie," she wrote.

A few days later Ernie Pyle lay dead from a Jap sniper's bullet. A nation and a grief-stricken woman in Albuquerque mourned seven months afterwards, Jerry Pyle—who could see no life without her "Ernie"—also died.

pointers to better health

HAVE A HEARTY

Be careful with your heart. Sudden bursts of excessive exercise, too little exercise, too much eating, won't do it any good. Instead, exercise regularly—in the open air, if possible. Avoid high tensions and nervous tension, especially if you are over forty. These can bring on high blood pressure. Check with your doctor if you suffer from breathlessness, palpitations, irregular heartbeat, dizziness, indigestion, swollen feet and ankles or constant fatigue. Even if you have heart trouble, you can have a long and full life if you share worry and excitement.

FATIGUE

Mental weariness, quite unrelated to physical labour, can make you feel physically tired because what goes on in the mind finds its expression in physical signs and symptoms. Many a skin rash is the unconscious physical expression of a mental anxiety. In treatment of many ill, a quiet mind and relaxation from worry, will cure many ill.

EMOTIONS

Embryologists have demonstrated that stress of worry of the expectant mother during pregnancy may result in a neurotic child, says Dr. William

E. Kroger, who reported his findings to the American Medical Association. Dr. Kroger, assistant clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology at the Chicago Medical School, said that harmful emotions are of more importance than hormonal imbalances in producing spontaneous abortion of healthy ones. In addition, the doctor reported that the first few weeks and months of a baby's life are more important to personality development than any other period. On the question of whether breast feeding of a baby or artificial feeding is better, he said "I believe it makes little, if any, difference how or when the baby receives nutrition, so long as it is held and cuddled by a loving mother."

ULCER BALM

A pill which permits ulcer victims to eat and drink what they wish is reported by Dr. E. A. Marshall of East Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. The pill must be taken every half hour during the day and twice during the night. Tests on 1,000 patients showed all could go back to their normal diet within 24 hours. The pill contains atropine, phenobarbital, magnesium oxide, calcium carbonate and aluminum hydroxide.

No Time -



Bernice Dwyer is one of the most beautiful girls in the world. And she is always full of action. Bernice is attending college and goes to school in the Department of Polytechnic School of Arts. She does a little modeling on the side, besides, but her big interest is in the press.

-for Stardom

Makeup For Stars will make
without a special case. The products
will stay there on the skin for 24
hours. They will not wash off
during the night. They will
not be removed by washing
your face with a special beauty soap.
They will stay on your face.



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Psychosomatic treatment is a new method of curing a variety of common illnesses.



NEW HOPE FOR EMOTIONAL CRIPPLES

RAY DAVIE

A NEW nerve is sounding in the halls and corridors of public hospitals. It's even penetrating to remote surgeries. The technique to which this nerve has been given has already changed the lives of thousands, and it looks like changing the lives of thousands more.

Psychosomatic medicine is a new-old way of meeting a variety of common (and often serious) complaints. Briefly, psychosomatic medicine calls for consideration of mind as well as body in treating disease, with due emphasis of the effects of environment on a person.

No, psychosomatic medicine is not new, but it's a long way from being an old idea under a new name. The

modern practitioner has discovered much that makes old ideas look crude, and so much progress is being made that it looks very much as if the front of treatment will effect all of us, no matter where we live.

But psychosomatic medicine is not a form of duck-hooding. The doctor who uses this form of healing in his work would be the first to admit that there are diseases which have to be treated by strictly physical means.

"Nervous headaches" are usually classified as psychosomatic. We all know the type of person who develops a bad headache when he or she has to do something unpleasant.

They're usually caused by making something, though very often their headaches may be caused by a conflict of emotions of which they're quite unaware.

Migraine, of course, is the big brother of the ordinary headache. It's a fearsome complaint—usually occurring in some localized part of the head. There may often be a painful tenderness of the scalp. In addition, the patient often suffers the agonies of mental depression, plus nausea and vomiting.

One factor in causing the pain of migraine appears to be the swelling of certain arteries. A number of techniques have been developed by which this can be greatly relieved. Then it has been observed at the Mayo Clinic (in the U.S.) that migraines often attack persons with high blood pressure. Further investigations have seemed to show that hypertension (high blood pressure) is sometimes triggered by deep-seated emotional conflicts.

Attacks of migraine often occur at "emotional" times—in the difficult two years, in cases of sexual frustration, difficult mental situations, etc. These minor troubles are thought to reach down into the mind and set off a discharge of tension throughout the nervous system. In normal circumstances this could lead to a tightening in the arteries which, in the end, might lead to high blood pressure.

Researchers recognize that there are often characteristic types of personality for such complaint. Such a definite type is not so easily found in cases of migraine, though some investigators have felt that migraine sufferers, as a class, seemed to be prone to an undue emotional at-

tachment to their mothers. And quite a number of patients examined showed a reluctance to accept blame and accept responsibility.

It was noted long ago that attacks of asthma, even when the basic cause was some form of allergy, often took place on moments of emotion. (These are types of asthma—known as "asthmatic asthma"—where there seems to be an allergy to some trouble.)

In one test, twenty-three asthmatic children were examined, and it was found that seventeen of the total were cured with very happy parents who conditioned their children. The Chicago Institute of Psycho-analysis showed through experiments that asthmatics tended to feel insecure, and that they badly needed true parental love.

It has been suggested that the tension from which many asthmatics suffer is the result of a conflict between the need for parental protection and the natural desire of the human being to be independent. (Some asthmatics put up a false show of bravado and self-assurance.)

True psychosomatic medicine, then, recognizes that body and mind are inseparable, reminds us that treatment designed to combat allergies (such as serum desensitization) is not unneeded.

One of the most dramatic psychosomatic diseases is coronary thrombosis. It's more likely to strike the hard-driven tycoon of big business than it is to cripple the weakling who does his busy house, and then relaxes. Medical science has been perturbed to notice that lately the disease has been striking younger and younger people.

The man who suffers coronary

the heart and nervous system is not likely to forget it. As a shot bleeds the flow of blood to the heart, it grows pale, arrests profoundly, and suffers agonizing pains in the chest. In many cases the attacks are fairly many more than a permanently crippled heart.

The theory was that all the suffering that a man put into reaching success brought on the thrombosis, but modern medical science believes that the typical coronary victim is often a product of his childhood environment when he became subject to a guilt-complex after failing to adjust himself to the fact that his father was less. The conflict that arose in the child was suppressed but still came out in the form of an insistent drive to surpass his father. And later, his boss?

In that time of disease the possibility of a psychosomatic basis is fairly obvious. But most people would laugh at the idea that it would also apply in the case of diabetes. Despite the almost universal use of insulin, the diabetes death rate in the United States increased in forty years from 8.2 per 100,000 in 1915 to 20.5 per 100,000.

Typical diabetes, says medical science, are likely to have conflictually filled lives. They're always looking for the big gross problems that appear to make more meaning than the home peckish. They're nervous, and yet they're never very keen about doing things to better their condition.

Many appear to be partly animated by a form of masochism (they want to be hurt). This drive apparently leads them to forget small details in their treatment. They forget to take insulin, they don't follow their diets correctly, and as a result suffer

accidents, progress or other afflictions. It's a significant fact that psychosomatic has in some cases led to the disappearance of diabetic symptoms.

For quite a long time now it has been admitted that there is usually an emotional basis for frigidity in women. According to medical science, few women are perfectly adjusted in a psychosomatic sense, and at least half suffer a fair degree of frigidity due to emotional conflict.

Naturally the state of affairs isn't healthy for the women, and it may lead to nervous in her husband.

Worst of all is the effect on the woman's children. More than one woman who has made a pilgrimage from doctor to doctor, trying every form of treatment but the psychological one, has wondered why her children have become nervous, or suffered nervous breakdowns.

The fear of pregnancy may be one of the factors present in inducing frigidity, but medical men suggest that the fear itself is not strong enough to make a woman frigid. According to them, the fear of pregnancy is merely the form which takes up some greater emotional trouble.

The corresponding trouble in men is impotence. In many instances a man's power to accomplish sexual intercourse is regarded as a sort of rough index of his worth as a man. The fellow who finds that he's not as good as he was because of age or illness, usually panics and tries all sorts of medicines. Many cases of impotence have been relieved by taking some mildly toxic substance recommended by a doctor. The medical men themselves are coming to believe that relief depends not so much on the simple chemicals used, as upon their psychological value.

One authority states that any sort of experience which is so easily recalled is almost certainly due to some form of emotional conflict.

A number of tests have been devised which give indications of potential emotional troubles without having to call on the services of several highly trained psychiatrists to conduct individual analyses. One of these is the Cornell Selection Index, which is done with pencil and paper in a few minutes. Another is the Minnesota Personality Test, in which the person tested is asked to put 500 words into "True," "False," or "Untrue Key" categories.

One of the most effective of these three screens is the Rorschach test, in which patients are asked to stare what a number of ink blots suggest to them. From the replies, the examiner (who must be well trained, but need not be a psychiatrist), can sort his tested persons into their relevant groups.

A number of techniques leading

to "cures" have been devised. Quite simple, but apparently quite effective, is the "brief psychotherapy" treatment, which is said to be helpful in about 75 per cent of psychosomatic cases. This form of treatment should be conducted with a good deal of sympathy on the part of the doctor, who should give the patient every opportunity to "tell the story in his own words." The patient is then shown as truthfully as possible the relationship between his troubles and the complaint from which he is suffering.

If it then necessary to show the patient just how he may co-direct his nervous energy. All this point a suitable form of "occupational therapy" may be very useful.

Other cases may call for the more punitive techniques known as psychoanalysis.

The outstanding feature of this new approach to medicine is that it offers new hope to many thousands who at present are "emotional cripples."



"Of course they look like ants... we haven't taken off yet!"



COPS AREN'T DUMB

LISTER WAY

A dismembered body, charred bones, a torso as badly burned that the sex of the victim was unidentifiable. But

NOT all cops are dumb. There's a bunch at Scotland Yard, for instance, who make the most perfect crime look like the work of a sleep-happy drunk.

Dobkin found that out a few years ago. His wife was carrying him for seven in matrimony, and he decided it would be cheaper to murder her. He took her, late at night, into the cellar of a Baptist church of which he was caretaker, and strangled her. Dobkin dismembered her body and set the plates on fire. The flames were extinguished before the church itself had burned, but the cellar was a litter of ash and charred wood, which Dobkin himself had to clean up.

Although his wife's body hadn't been completely burned, it was roasted beyond all chance of recognition, so he gathered the half-molested parts, washed them in the least noticeable place in the cellar, and covered them with quick-lime to make certain that what remained would disintegrate. He then tidied up the rest of the cellar.

He was in the neighbourhood when Mrs. Dobkin became she didn't live there—she had come from a nearby town to square the rotten end of Dobkin. She wasn't missed when she lived because she had come to see her husband, and her friends



suggested she had decided to stop.

It was fifteen months before the fragments were found. There was a little flesh, and a bone so badly burned that detectives couldn't tell whether it was a man or a woman. Doctors had to examine the internal organs to decide the sex of the victim.

They then measured various bones that were intact, making use of mathematical tables compiled by an anatomist named Pearson. By these tables, which co-related the measurements of bones from the legs and arms, they could estimate a person's height within half an inch. The detectives also found one microscopic fragment of hair that had been saturated with blood, and so had stopped burning. From it, they were able to say that the woman's hair had been brown, and by using a microscope on the bone-structure of her skull, they fixed her age at between forty and fifty. Her height was estimated at five feet.

X-ray photographs were taken of her teeth, which showed details of fillings and extractions. A doctor examined internal organs that remained, and he found that there was a tumor on the wall of the corpse, and that it was so far advanced that the woman must have consulted a doctor about it.

Nothing pointed to Dobbin except the fact that, when the church of which he was caretaker was on fire, it was someone else, not Dobbin, who gave the alarm. They might prove he was a poor caretaker, but it did not make him a murderer. Even so, it was enough to whet the curiosity of Scotland Yard.

They found that he had a wife, that

her height, age and coloring all matched, and then they went to Mrs. Dobbin's doctor. He reported that Mrs. Dobbin had a tumor on her womb, and Mrs. Dobbin's dentist had given her the exact treatment revealed by the X-ray photographs of the murdered woman's mouth.

But the sock of linen convicted Dobbin. He had bought the lace and tied it on the corpse to make it disintegrable, but he didn't know that quick-freezing preserves a body instead of destroying it, and he was foolish enough to swear that he had never purchased lace. The detectives found a partly-used sock in his own suitcase and they proved that he had bought it at the time of the fire in the church cellar. He was hanged to Wandsworth Gaol.

The perfect crime is a mental obsession of wife-killers. Men who murder their wives usually think about it a long time, and plan it. There was a wife-killer in Luton in 1913 who came very near to perfection, but missed by a tag. He chose a night of thick fog, strangled his wife, stripped off her clothing, tied her up in potato sacks, took her to the outskirts of the city, and tipped her body into a stream. He tore her clothing into small fragments and, still with the fog for cover, spread the fragments around the rubbish-chimney, refuse-bins and street gutters, all over the city.

There wasn't a clue to her identity, and Scotland Yard worked for three months without getting a glimpse. They took photographs of the corpse and published them all over the country, they examined door-to-door in the vicinity, showing the photos. They traced four hundred and four missing women, made inquiries at six

hundred and eighty-two addresses. None, which undressed before had been returned to the post office, took thirty-nine people to view the corpse in the hope that they might identify it, and nine of them did. The name identified it as someone who was well shod. In addition, detectives grilled two hundred and fifty taxi-drivers who regularly passed the spot where the body was found. It resulted in exactly nothing.

Then Chief Inspector Chapman decided to make a personal examination of the scraps of clothing and torn fabric they had collected from gutters and rubbish-bins at the time the body was found. It had already been examined for blood-stains, but Chapman went over it looking for some other evidence, any other evidence. There was one scrap of cloth that appeared to have been part of a black coat. In some loose shoulder-padding, he found a tiny dry-cleaner's tag.

The coat had been intact shortly before the murder; it had been cleaned and returned to its owner. Chapman himself went to the address, and a seventeen-year-old girl let him in. He found photographs in the home that matched the photos of the dead woman, and he found dense fingerprints on a pickle jar. The girl said that her mother had "gone home", she had quarreled with the father, and had left him. The father told the same story. But his nerve broke when a dry-cleaner's tag bounced back at him. He confessed, and was hanged.

The fact that these killers were amateurs, not professional criminals, made the detective's job harder. Professional criminals are known, their fingerprints are on file, and a

THE MUSIC SPOT

My Boy, a cycle crank,
Married a music fan.
A son was added to the rank,
After a twelve-month span.
They decided that the boy he
named

For cycle and solo,
And so his proud papa pro-
claimed
"We'll call him Handel
Burr."

—AN-IM

finger-prints makes identification absolute.

The careful crook wears gloves, or takes time to erase his finger-prints before, he leaves a crime-spot, but there are other things he can't erase. If he uses a car, there is the number-plate. He may point over the official number-plate to other the number. He may do it so cleverly that examination under a microscope won't reveal the alteration, but the cop-magnifying use infra-red photography as it. This is the method used to detect faded "old masters," carefully altered documents, and the like. It shows up every alteration, every over-painting. It was used to catch spies during the war, and is a catching criminals every week of the year.

When a gun is used to kill, the exact gun can be identified by the bullet it has fired—provided the bullet is found. But automatic look out on empty shell-cases that show the particular gun more accurately

than a bullet would. The shell-case takes an impression of every minute scratch, all the ridges and imperfections, of the breech-face. When magnified sufficiently, these will show a case as surely as a set of finger-prints. It was a shell-case that put the Rojoor Forest murderers on the trap-door, and it was a shell-case that hanged Rojoor, the man who killed the hunchback to the King of the Holoises.

But new Scotland Yard had a new gadget called the spectrograph, and they don't even need shell-cases. A film of lead scraped from a bullet as it passes through a victim's clothes, or as it strikes a bone of his body, is sufficient. Under the spectrograph this minute particle of metal can be identified with the lead left on the rifling of the killer's gun. The spectrograph sends an electric charge through the material, making it glow, it splits up the spectrum and photographs these "wave-lengths," and no two substances, however alike they are, give off the same "wave-lengths." It is the finger-print technique applied to other things, to anything that will take an electric charge.

There was a recent case of robbery with murder in a village pub. It was so carefully planned and neatly executed that the crooks should have got away. The owner of the pub was a woman who slept with her things in her bedroom. The thieves used a car that hadn't been seen in the neighborhood before, but one of them came to the hotel on foot, wore gloves, got in through a window, and went to the bedroom where the woman slept. She woke up and screamed, but he strangled her without difficulty, and without upset-

ting the pre-arranged timetable.

The dressing-table drawer which held the money was locked, so he pried it open with a small penny. The money was in a bag. An arranged, his maid brought the car to the open window at the moment when he lifted the money out of the drawer. He took it, climbed out through the window, and they were in London, eighty miles away, before daylight.

It was the perfect plan, perfectly executed. The whole thing took no more than four or five minutes. The car was at the scene for less than six minutes. The only person who saw the killer was dead, and there were no finger-prints.

The one mistake was in allowing the woman to wake up before she was killed. She had screamed, and the scream aroused a neighbour who looked out of her window, saw the car driving off, and took its number.

These crooks didn't alter their number-plate. The car had hardly been on the scene at all, and the village was asleep. Even if the car was traced, they knew that wasn't enough to convict them. Yet they should have thrown away their penny. The penny had scraped the brass lock of the drawer in prying it open. It had left a few particles of its steel behind, and these particles were put under the spectrograph. Those "wave-lengths" were registered, and then the penny was spectrographed.

That did it. It hanged them both. There are plenty of dumb cops around, but the real bug is the crook who thinks he can out-smart the blood-test, or the infra-red camera, or the spectrograph.

They just don't come that smart.

LET'S FIGHT 39 ROUNDS!



The record books show the "great" John L. Sullivan and little Charlie Mitchell fought a 39-round draw. But was it a fight -- or was it a farce?

RAY MITCHELL

NAT LANGHAM beat Tom Bayers in 41 rounds; Nat Langham beat George Gutzidge in 32 rounds for the title of champion of all England. These two fights took place in 1833. Jack Spring beat Jack Langton in 77 rounds in 1834; Bill Cowdrie beat James "Doc" Burke in 74 rounds in 1835. Andy Brown fought Jack Burke in 1837 in a contest lasting 156 rounds and the referee called it "no-contest." Coming to the well-known Sullivan-fellows whom everyone, boxing fans and others, know—we find John L. Sullivan—"I can lick anyone in the house"—fighting

35 rounds against Jake Kilrain in 1888 and Charlie Mitchell for 39 rounds.

A lot of rounds? "Fifteen were tough in these days. They had stamin—act like the cream-puffins of today." Yeah, you've heard granddaddy say that as he grills the pipe down his mouth and spits contemptuously in the dust, when the present-day champions are mentioned. "Now, that Sullivan was a beauty." Another spit in the dust and the eyes take on a cloudiness of reminiscence, as granddaddy throws his primary back to the days of his boyhood, when he,

like the rest of the boxing world of the period, was so wrapped up in the "nighty" John L. that he was regarded as the ultimate and it was like the appearance of Engelstern like Charlie Mitchell to deny him.

"Like I was saying," proceeded right to the page, "I well remember when John L. beat the upstart, Mitchell, in France. Now that was a fight. They gave it a draw, but John had the best of matters." He paused. "How would the prize fighters of today go 30 rounds?"

Yes, how would they go 30 rounds, how would they travel over the big distances quoted in the opening paragraph? Truth is, they wouldn't. Neither would John L. Sullivan, and the others if they fought under present-day conditions.

In those days, the boxes fought under London Prize Ring rules, and all the rules quoted above, with the exception of the Brown-Barke fight, were fought with bare fists, under those ancient rules. And a round lasted when one or both men were knocked or thrown down. Sometimes a round lasted for several minutes, sometimes it was over in a few seconds. And, almost invariably there were fewer punches struck, even in a long round, than are struck in a modern three-minute round of today. So that, in a fight of any 40 rounds, under London Prize Ring Rules, there was generally less damage inflicted than in a good modern 10-round of today. Also, bare fist punches cut, but do not make the brain into insensibility like gloves.

With regard to the Brown-Barke fight, so few punches were struck over the last half of the contest that the crowd went to sleep and the referee leaned on the ropes and dived

off while waiting for the boxers to punch each other!

But we must answer provided with regard to his assertion about the Sullivan-Mitchell fight, which traveled 30 rounds. And, to convince stranded that memory plays tricks, we have to produce cut-throat proof—proof, not in the form of a written-up by a supposedly journalist, but a write-up of the fight taken from a newspaper of the period, written by a reporter on the spot. Such a report is in my possession.

The paper, yellowed with age, is dated March 11, 1888—the day following that historic fight in Chantilly, France. The report of the fight covers more than a large page, every round is described in detail. And the conduct of the fight was a farce. If it had taken place today, the contestants would have been thrown out of the ring.

The first round lasted seven minutes, seven seconds and ended when Sullivan was thrown by a left. A right to the eye knocked down Mitchell in the second round (and ended the round) after 10 seconds. Sullivan finished the third in three minutes, 30 seconds. Mitchell threw Sullivan in the seventh with a cross-buttock shove, and the Englishman drew first blood in the eighth round when he made Sullivan's ear bleed.

"Yes," chances is grandchild, "that was the way they conducted fights in those days. Note that first round! It lasted over seven minutes! How could a young fellow of today fight a seven-minute round, Father?"

We make no reply, but carry on with the fight. Nothing sensational happened from the eighth. A few hard blows were struck, but the conduct of the contest was not high-

lighted by anything outstanding. So we skip the report of the intervening rounds and pass on to the 19th. This we do after about a half hour—it takes grandchild that long to read the round by round report. And by the time he has come to the 19th round, his comments have been discarded like a in a thoughtful mood.

But the 19th (and last) round is in progress and we report it verbatim from the yellowed pages, by the reporter, since dead, who was at the ringside.

Mitchell jumped at Sullivan and missed. Sullivan got back. Mutual feinting and retreating. At last Sullivan made up his mind and let go his right, but Mitchell jumped back out of danger. Sullivan prepared to land, but Mitchell backed ground and took a walk.

On returning positions, Sullivan stood waiting, not liking to venture a land Mitchell came at him. The big man was the first to jump away across the ring, upon which Mitchell said "That is the biggest lick I've ever had, fighting a man so very much bigger than myself."

Sullivan went to his corner and had a drink. (This was while the round was in progress—did), which seemed to put new life in him. On Mitchell looking with the left, however, instead of countering, Sullivan got back and did not make the slightest effort to return.

At this point Sullivan got his hands down, and, rebuffed by Mr. Baldock's remarks to Charlie Mitchell, threatened to find an opponent for Baldock. Mitchell hit Sullivan on the mouth. The men had another walk around.



"Oh, I never let fellows like you goad me on the front step. Come on inside, there's a sofa."

during which both conversed with their friends. The American brigade was particularly earnest in their advice to Sullivan.

Mitchell agreed with a right to the south and to Sullivan's ribs. Sullivan tried to be tricky, but Mitchell was wary. "Now then, let's have a round," said Sullivan. The men faced each other for a couple of seconds, then Sullivan rushed, Mitchell parried the blow.

They passed again and Mitchell said: "More money in Madison Square Garden, John." Sullivan replied: "Yes, more sugar."

Mitchell hit Sullivan on the jaw, adding in a friendly manner, that it was not in the right place. Sullivan hit Mitchell on the chest, and was trying his right, but Mitchell got away.

Both men went to their corners and were covered with rugs, but the bookkeeper remained there the round was not over, and that they could begin again whenever they liked.

The men shifted the rug to higher ground and faced each other and sparred for several minutes. A bystander remarked that the fight had lasted for three hours. "It makes it last six," said Mitchell, with a touch of sarcasm. "If I don't get knocked out."

Mitchell advanced towards Sullivan, but John rushed and Charlie back-curved. Sullivan held his with his left, Mitchell drove him, returned with his left and Sullivan jerked his head back out of distance, after which they checked again.

They strolled to their corners and accepted the attention of their seconds. On returning hostilities, Mitchell fanned and Sullivan jumped away. Mitchell repeated the man-

oeuvre twice. Sullivan jumped away each time, Sullivan trembled a good deal in the legs, and, as he jumped back, showed unmistakable signs of fatigue.

Sullivan's second, Phillips, advised him to take a walk. Mitchell laughed and went for a walk himself. He strided over and spoke to spectators. They spaced once more, then jumped away simultaneously.

When they resumed, Mitchell expressed impatience. A spectator said: "Why don't you make it a draw?" Mitchell replied: "I'll draw if John likes." Sullivan thought it over and said: "I don't mind." So Baldack said: "Then shake hands it's a draw."

The seconds jumped into the ring and covered the men with blankets.

The round had lasted 24 minutes, 56 1/2 seconds. The whole fight lasted three hours, 14 minutes, 22 seconds.

Injuries: Mitchell's left eye was almost closed and the parts above were swollen. The right side of his face was unmarked, but his body contained bruises.

Sullivan bore more signs of damage. His right eye was closed and his left was closing. Down the left ear was a clean incision and the bone was swollen. Blood oozed from the inside of the ear. On the neck were several abrasions, also on the front of his body. From his lips and nose blood oozed.

It was generally agreed that Mitchell had won the better of the fight. As he gave away more forty pounds in weight to the world heavyweight champion heavyweight, it was a creditable performance.

Thus ended the report. What-fo, grumbled, for a fighter taking a walk during a round three days. Grumbling, grumbled, wake up.

You prove this robbery. Robbery under cover in the north means at least five years."



COLD, it certainly was, all of forty below, but many years in the Far North had hardened Frank Barton toward drifft temperatures. As he plodded along, hawking trail for his trading dogs, his thoughts turned him to smile contentedly to himself.

Although he had been on the trail many days—all the way from the little-known Black River country—he had encountered no other travellers. He was pleased with the fact, for there are times when a man feels more comfortable without companions. Such an occasion was this, for on his circle, Barton had a fortune in furs and furbags. It had cost him many long months of toil and backache. He meant to keep it.

Now he was travelling the upper

reaches of the Mackenzie. In two more days he should reach the R.C.M.P. post at Fort Porcupine. He would leave the trail with the Mounties, to be shipped out in the Spring by boat, and under guard.

Then it happened with the suddenness that things do happen where life is raw and men become primitive. From a timber-ringed bank, barely fifty yards from the tiling man and dogs, a rifle cracked sideways. Barton slumped to the snow.

As the team leader reached the recumbent form, he halted, snuffed unusually, then swinging a savage head toward the bank, he stalked at his human and snarled a hate in which the other dogs joined. For a man, Winchester at the ready, had broken

cover and was cautiously approaching.

With a stream of curses and railing while the man subdued the bucking steed, his legs drawn back in a marshall's gait, he beckoned Barton with a concerned frown.

"Quit playing possum and get up!" he ordered, and as Barton assembled slowly to his feet, he went on: "Only looked you with the first shot, just to make you stop. You dropped, figuring you might have got to your rifle after I got here, eh?"

He leaned forward, his Winchester threatening.

"My next bullet won't run—if you don't stand over the geld."

For a moment Barton eyed the man steadily. Langford. The only man who knew that for three years he had been working a well-concealed ranch in the Black River country. He had thought the men might wangle him, had prepared for it in fact, yet—

"Where is it?" demanded the other, and as the blue muscle was thrust next to him into his chest, Barton realized his helplessness. He nodded toward the corral. Langford's eyes flashed brightly as he commanded: "Unload!" Barton bent to the task, tumbling his few possessions into the corral.

As he reached his own Winchester he hesitated. With a malignant grin Langford clucked out his hand. Suddenly Barton handed the weapon to him. More stuff he unloaded, until, reaching the sled's floor, he uncovered twelve small buckskin ponies.

"Don't move till I get back." Knowing now that Barton was unarmed, Langford turned and strode toward the tank. Seconds later he returned, driving his own team. Mounted, Barton noted, to prevent injury. For a

town coming will come, and great other dogs, whereas dogs on the run striking against falling horseweights, will remain quiet.

"This 'un can't!" Suddenly Barton loaded the ponies onto the other sled. His silence seemed to puzzle Langford. Suddenly, suspicious, he commanded: "Open one!" Barton obeyed and let a trickle of daily planning yellow flakes sift through his fingers. Langford grunted his satisfaction, then—

"Three years ago you were prospecting around some to me. You happen to drift into the only shack in the Black River country, just in time to interfere. Just as old Loney Tom was about to tell me where the handful of dust he had in his cabin came from. That was just where he'd look for me—at the time."

"And I've damned glad I did!" The rush of feeling the recollection caused forced the words from Barton. "You were using slicking methods to make a poor old prospector give away the location of a claim it had taken him years to find."

Anger also flared up in Langford. Throwing his feet forward he snarled: "I'd like to shoot you right here and now for what you did then. You climb my fence where I can reach a gun, beats me up, and makes me head out without grub or a rifle!"

"You ran off your own sheep," reminded Barton, "I would have given you food had you wanted."

"Well, I didn't. For three weeks I airtight starved, but being summer, there was berries. Then I hit a trading post. They outfit me but I had to work for it. When I did get back to the cabin I found nothing but a stove and the shack empty. And no trail leading any place. So

I decided to wait for you coming out. We sure paid me to," he ended with a chuckle.

"That's all?" Barton's tone was grim. "The first post we strike I shall tell everything. How you bastarded Loney Tom's death, held me up and robbed me."

"That's a joke!" Langford chuckled outright. "Ain't you lived here enough yet to know that in any court of law one man's word against another don't carry no weight at all?"

"How about leading the Mountain to Tom's corpse? Isn't that evidence?" These will still be marks on the bones."

Langford laughed agreeably. "You think I'm soft, eh? If you suppose the wolves have left any bones?"

"Tom's body was buried too deeply for wolves—" Barton broke off at the expression on the other man's face. "You damned ghost!" he finished with a growl.

"That's enough hard names," Langford hurled to his feet. "I'd like to shoot, but that stuff wouldn't be no use to a fellow with his head in a noose, and that's what it would mean. 'The dead men showed through the ice usually leads to the feet of some noisy Mountain when the three comes.'" Barton shuddered, in spite of himself, at the man's enthusiasm.

Langford broke in on his thoughts.

"You can repeat your load, I'm heading through. You can tell along behind me to Providence. I won't sleep tonight, and tomorrow night we'll be there. I'll declare my load there and give you back your rifle. If I get shot from then into Waterways, knowing what I had on my load the Mountain'll get you for

me. I swear I'd get you, Barton, and I have. I'm calling it quits!" With that he moved on.

As he bent about the task of reloading his sled, Barton's lips were curled into a grim smile. "Gee, eh?" The days lifted pointed out as the words fell from their master's lips. "No, Langford," he continued, as he tightened the thumns. "We are not even yet. I named old Tom back to health, and he gave me the location of his claim as you figured he would. Come back from one trip with dust and found him dead, just died from old age and the injuries he received at your hands. And then and there, I swore over his body that I'd see that you were punished."

He straightened up, stared after the fast-disappearing speck that was Langford and his team, and again he spoke aloud.

"I can't prove Tom's case, but I can prove this robbery. You walked right into the trap." He poked up the dog wheel. "Robbery under arms in the North means at least five years—Now, damn, you headies!"

Two teams heading this way, Corp. Constable Moore, of the Fort Providence detachment, lowered his field glasses and turned, growing, to face his superior officer inclining on a bank in all the discovery of undress. "Better roam out and shoot," he added. "The dignity of the Force comes before personal comfort."

Fortunately, Corporal Spence did so. Thirty minutes later two speck and open trespassers accounted the arrival of the team.

Then Spence commented upon what could now be seen with the naked eye. The teams were traveling a full mile apart—in a country where companionship is much

weight. Which was very strange.

"Know what that meant?" He addressed the constable. "Two partners, nerves frayed by the solitude, quarrelled. But they'll split a year about each one waiting to murder and then rob the other. We'll treat them gently, feed them, put them up tonight, and send them on their way in the morning with their arms around each other."

The constable grinned, though he knew the corporate words were justified. He knew the North knows that living together for too long will set men at one another's throats over trifles.

What the Mounties did not know was that the men drawing mostly names were not partners. That the reason for their travelling so far apart was a given one. And the grin on Langford's face, as a few minutes later he urged his team up the steep bank, gave no hint of what had taken place less than forty-eight hours ago.

"Rowdy, fallen," Langford ex-

tended a hand. "Here's chance to lay away tonight. Got a valuable lead." He winked extravagantly.

"Yes?" Spence answered. "Who is the other man?"

"Feller I met up with yesterday," Langford stared with the Mounties toward the jet. "His dogs aren't so good as I've been breaking trail for 'em. I think he's been alone too long." He tapped his forehead significantly. The policemen exchanged glances, but remained silent until Burton halted in the compound.

"Come in!" The corporal addressed both men impartially, as, greetings over, he and the constable assisted in the task of unloading the dogs.

All of twelve hundred from the Black River country," Burton told the Mounties squarely as he said it.

"Your animals are in good shape," Spence glanced at Burton's team, admiringly. "Better than that other fellow's. Why did you let him break trail for you?"

"His idea," Burton's tone was grim. "Lanning once he whistled: 'Keep

your side arms handy, Corporal. I have an idea there's going to be a showdown in a few minutes."

"What?" Spence gave him a keen glance, and turned to Langford.

"Where are you from?"

"Just from Silver Lake," Langford smiled, giving "Been living native all winter." Finally, he added: "Used to, around of a busted leg. For two years afore that I was panning in the Gold Creek district."

"Any luck?"

"Just what you see. Told you I had a valuable lead." With the words Langford threw back the canvas load cover, revealing the buckskin packages.

"What's your next ticket—gold?" Corporal Spence turned to Burton, as the same time stepping back as that he could watch both men.

"No; I also have been prospecting."

"Any luck?" The corporal's words cut like a pistol shot through a silence that had suddenly become intense.

"Yes, thanks to an old prospector who took me in at parson."

Burton's reply made Langford start; then he grinned considerably.

"Where's your stuff?"

"Part of it is on that man's head."

"He robbed you?"

"Yes."

"Corr, he's awry, I tell you," Langford stared at the corporal's side. Unobtrusively the constable stepped in between him and his rifle.

"Tell your story," the corporal addressed Burton, at the same time showing Langford to one side. Briefly, Burton recounted what had taken place, ending with: "He dropped my rifle for me to pick up at the foot of the bank here, where we were hidden from your view."

"What's your reply?" Spence shot it at Langford.

"Lies, Corp, nothing but lies! When I met up with him I'd had a spill. He was not reloading. Helped me on that. The sight of the gold's not here."

"What?" The corporal walked over to the packages. Apparently one he spilled some of its contents into his palm, weighed the sack, thoughtfully. He inspired of Langford.

"You are a snitch?"

"Yeah, been prospecting for years, and I washed every bit of that dust myself. Know I'd struck it rich and worked it to a finish." The corporal let him talk. Langford went on:

"It made a heavy load for me dogs, but what's a dog team matter to me now?"

"Not a thing for the next few years. In the possession of witnesses you've convicted yourself!" The corporal's tone was grim. "You are under arrest for armed robbery. Grab 'em, Moore!" In a trice the bracelets were on.

"A robber for years. Washed it all himself. Know gold when he saw it." The speaker was Corporal Spence, as, supper being over he was checking the bags of gold dust Burton had removed from the foot of his sleeping bag.

"It was trash and so for a time, though," Burton replied, "but I figured that if he held me up his hands would be busy with a rifle. Otherwise, had he lifted one of the sacks, he would have told him everything then he'd have stripped my bedroll."

"Nice shot, fella's gold," he went on, "yet it saved the real gold. But best of all, I kept my vow made over my old partner Tom's body. Then, we'll call it quits."



"Don't wash no lead!"

HOME OF THE MONTH



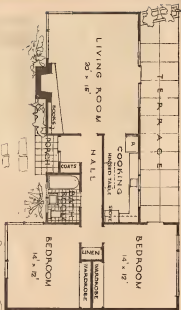
CAVALCADE suggests this small two-bedroom home as being suitable for rural and semi-rural areas and the outer suburbs. Built in timber and stone, or timber and brick it is designed to harmonize with a setting of natural trees and a foreground garden of an informal character. When a house is small, simplicity of treatment is the recipe for success and this basic requirement has been in the forefront of the designer's mind.

The large living room has room in it for a dining corner and there is also a large table in the cooking recess for breakfast and other informal occasions. The living room opens out on to a paved terrace through a glass door and full height windows. The terrace is almost completely covered, making it far more practical than the fully open terrace.

The cooking recess is small, but fully equipped. There is no waste space, but overcrowding has been avoided. Each bedroom has a large built-in wardrobe and there is a recess linen cupboard, as well as a coat cupboard in the entrance hall.

The plan presupposes a separate laundry or one attached to the garage or carport.

The overall area of this two-bedroom home is 945 square feet.





WEAPONS OF WAR

From about 1890 to 1934, countless men in three continents had their faces incised while travelling in public vehicles. Because? Women's hot pins. The men rebelled and have caused their use were passed in various cities in U.S.A., England, France, Austria and Germany. Women vigorously protested and, after the beginning of World War I, police did not bother to enforce the law. When the war was over, bobbed hair and small hats became the fashion, thus eliminating the hot pin. Now, what about passing a law against umbrellas in the streets? (INCIDENT)

John James, the infamous outlaw, died in 1933, but still some men claim to be the notorious outlaw. Of course, these claimants are old men—very doddering. However, recently a youth of eighteen claimed he was John James. When it was pointed out that James, if alive, would be very old, the young man replied, "Ah, but I found the fountain of youth." NO SHOE LEATHER

In Wisconsin, U.S.A., a certain gentleman has been preaching for years against the wearing of heels. He says it is bad for the health to

cover the feet with shoes and so on. He goes without shoes winter and summer, wet or dry—and he has never had a cold.

SUMMER PLEASE

America has come to light with another claim to world honors. This time it is that they have the world's smallest priest. It is an Chinese and the priest is a phone boy. The minister is the Rev. Charles Kary, who sits in the phone box answering scores of calls daily. In the two years he has been operating as telephone minister, he has answered 47,899 calls. His congregation are people who would rather pray over the phone or want to listen to spiritual advice over the phone than go to church. Mr. Kary now has four children in a small box.

ONLY A BRIDGE

The citizens of Hurricane Gulch, California, have got up a petition asking to change the name of their town to Eclipse Valley. And, you have heard of the expression, "making a mountain out of a molehill"—well, the citizens of Molokai, West Virginia, were awarded permission to change the name of their town to Mountain.

GUS SORANSEN



THEY MADE WITH THE MUSCLE

They reap chains and 100 lbs weights. Luckily for the normal individual, there are few such strong men

ON the rugged, wind-bashed East Coast of the North Island of New Zealand a shy, reserved Maori boy was seated on the mud floor of his shack having a meal. Thompson was his name and the food he was consuming with relish was a pile of shellfish, a pot of palm, a native medicinal plant rich in iron, and a pint of seawater which he drank daily.

Thompson, only fifteen, was having his first meal before exhibiting his terrific art—an astonishing feat of strength—which had become the talk in the isolated Maori villages along the Coast. Not particularly tall, the colour of golden syrup, Thompson was bred as a deer with outstanding

muscular development. Wiping his thick lips, he sat to his feet and with as much ease as a normal child would carry a chair he dragged his poop, a heavy, hardwood platform and carried it outside.

There was an assembly of Maoris from other villages to see the performance, for today, Thompson was after new honors. He threw a flat mat on the ground, then before lying flat on his back on it, he looked at the ten men who were to play their part. He then got into position by drawing up his knees, but with his feet still firmly planted on the mat, and with elbows resting on the mat and his palms open, he relaxed while four hefty Maoris adjusted the

platform on his knees and palms. The two men glided onto the platform and the strong boy had no trouble supporting his thousand-pound weight.

It was his greatest achievement to date, but he was to go on breaking his own records. At the age of eighteen he could support in the same way a burden of 1,000 lbs.

How did he do it? Well, he had extraordinary strength. But Thomas claimed that the food and drink he took was the reason. However, he died at his early twenties and it is said that the cause was a strained heart.

Another character whose strong feat included supporting a human grandchild was the French-Canadian, Louis Cyr. His tally on the platform was twenty men, but Cyr, unlike Thomas, had reached maturity when he performed his mighty achievement.

They say that women are the weaker sex! But before agreeing, look at the records of Madame Eliza. She could hold a 700 lb. dumbbell across her shoulders and support a pair of he-man grandsons weighing from each end.

Then there was the mighty Miss Darnett, who was billed as the "Strongest Woman in the World." She, too, got down to earth with her act. On her feet and palms rested a platform on which was a piano and grand. And while the music flowed, the mighty Miss obliged with a song.

Sometimes might ring a clear bell, but in case you didn't know she was the mother of the universally famed Eugene Sandow, nicknamed by even some of his rivals to be the strongest man who ever lived. Sandow was an equally famous for her physical

feat. Blue-eyed, brown-haired, powerfully built on masculine lines, she performed with great success in the circus of Central Europe. Once on a railway station while two parties were struggling under the weight of her trunk she advised them to put it down for a rest. Then, before their staring eyes, she picked up the trunk and smiling at them carried it onto the train.

Among Sandow's pair were two 165 lb. weights she used to pick up with each of her little fingers. Son Eugene could bear a pack of playing cards into buses, quarters and finally into circles and on his post-hold 48-in. chest he would rest a bridge weighing 500 lbs. over which was drawn a horse and chariot with two passengers, the total weight being 1,200 lbs.

Sandow would, for a change from juggling with terrific weights and picking up human tons, drape a horse over his shoulders. However, he was not the only strong man to do this.

Perhaps one of the most spectacular and most dangerous feats of strength was that performed by a courier of France the First. The courier was Francis de Vivonne, a giant of a man who was a winner with the women, and a dead loss as far as popularity was concerned with the men.

One afternoon a jealous courtier challenged him to a feat that sounded like certain suicide. Francis, however, thought a bit, then agreed with laughter and accepted the challenge to go into an arena with a bull and stop its charge by grabbing the horns.

Until the time of the recent Francis let it be known that he was not in the least bit afraid and if there were any doubts and suspicions about his

bravery they were soon quelled when the interested gathered saw him calmly waiting in the arena for the bull to appear. He filed in the time having to his advantage and blowing kisses at the ladies.

Then the great beast poked into the arena, snorting. It lowered its head and pawed the earth. It tossed its head angrily, bellowed and glowered at its potential victim. Man and beast looked at each other. Then the bull charged the human wall. The crowd rose and from their lips escaped a tremendous gasp. Followed a back as the beast transferred its, looking up feathers at that Francis, with amazing swiftness, stepped to one side, his big hands and heavy arms gripping the horns. With rigid body, sweat-soaked face, knotted muscles and almost burning veins he held his grip. When he did finally release it, he was safely away while the puzzled animal was deciding what had happened.

Amazing strength of the hands, fingers and arms was a prominent feature with strong men. Rockwell Schmidt could pick up a weight of 500 lb. with one hand. Monsieur de Sancy could grip iron horseshoes between his fingers like matches, and on one occasion when he had difficulty withdrawing the ring from a bottle he asked the problem by his possessing a horseshoe from a lion's tail to which he gave the necessary special turns with his fingers.

Don Doyle, an Irish farmer, delighted audiences by lifting a man off the ground on to a horse using only one hand.

The teeth, too, have been put to work for some entertaining and amazing feats. Alex Marshall, a Londoner, turned on a good performance

by pulling for fifty yards a heavy goods wagon weighing twenty tons. A fellow countryman, Dick Williams, liked to hold aloft a twelve stone man and with a weight of 112 lb. held between his teeth took them both for a walk.

Yanag Apollo (real name, Anderson of Milwaukee, Australia), pulled a train of four carriages—total weight, four tons—with his teeth. He did a number of fantastic things, his supporting a piano, a 12-stone man playing it and a man-at-arms tap dancing on the lid.

On the English strong men and for versatile achievements of muscular power, Thomas Topham figures high on the list. The nearly-curved, black-necked and barrel-chested Topham could lift with his teeth and hold for an unbroken time, a wooden table six feet long with a 50 lb. weight set on his ear and. He could, with ease, roll up in his fingers the power pistons which were as thick as that time, and strike an iron poker on his forearm until it was bent in a right angle. Across the back of his neck he would place an iron bar and, grasping the two ends would bend it into a U shape, then, with a wonder action, would return the bar to its original shape.

Topham's most celebrated feat was demonstrated at Derby in 1911. It was an open air performance for which Topham was granted permission by the authorities. In a clear space a starting was erected. It was constructed of four wooden uprights, two platforms and a pair of rails on top of the structure. On the bottom platforms were three coils of chain together.

The spectators were first entertained by the thirty-year-old handy

who demonstrated an ear-bending and power-crushing routine. Then, when Topham began to climb the stage the crowd moved in like a wave and packed tight around it. On the top stand the strong men leaned over in a leaning movement and slipped a broad band of leather across the back of his neck. The two ends of the leather were connected to heavy chains which passed through an opening in the stage Topham was standing on. The dangling chains were then fastened to the chains around the oak. Then, Topham took a grip of the oak and with his feet firmly set and wide apart started to straighten from his leaning position. There was a creaking of chains, an eardrump snap of admiration from the spectators as the three coils filled with water and weighing a total of 1,300 pounds were dangling clear of the bottom stage.

The feat of raising terrible weights from stages has been adopted by most strong men over the years and even animals and a mouse have been used. A powerful German named Van Edshagen, outside a construction similar to Topham's, sustained the weight of a large cannon suspended from his waist. And for entertainment coupled with strength, the performance of William Bunker is memorable. Bunker was employed with a circus and twice a day would lift and support from his neck a cow and a half-ton elephant.

Don Atchile is an Australian who has performed some amazing feats of strength. Among them, he has carried a horse up a ladder, has lifted a car weighing one ton 15 feet, and has stepped chains across his chest.

A nineteenth century notable was the gigantic William Joyce, of Kent,

who carried enormous and tapered by his remarkable fields of strength. Joyce matched up notoriety at Haysstead when, in the presence of a big gathering, he uprooted a tree a yard and a half in circumference and an estimated weight of 1,500 lbs.

In 1889, he went to Kensington Palace and exhibited his amazing strength before King William. His Majesty was seated at meeting Joyce and opened the conversation with a leading question as to how much the big boy was capable of lifting. Joyce said that he would have no trouble lifting a ton or over. The King looked hard at him but made no comment and was even more doubtful when he saw the great chunk of lead brought to the Palace, which weighed over ten thousand pounds. Joyce saw the King spring him loudly and the nobles nodding and whispering. He bent down and came up with the weight. The astounded William and nobles cheered and praised him.

But Joyce's entertainment didn't finish there. A heavier-thick rope was brought on the scene. One end was tied around Joyce's waist and the other to a strong bar. Joyce told his audience that the horse could not move him. The animal was whipped into action, but Joyce stood firm at a concrete pillar. Looking at the astonished crowd Joyce carried on and taking the rope tore it apart. Then he put his arms around a thick post, and with a mighty tug shipped it. King William was well-pleased with the afternoon's entertainment and rewarded Joyce handsomely.

Are strong men and strong women born or made? You can argue that out for yourself. It's another story.

THE SHIP THAT FOUGHT BACK



After 41 years' service, the Oregon had to be dismantled. But she fought to the bitter end.

D'ARCY NILAND

YOU like a man with guts. A man who'll have a go. You like the fellow who hits back, scrambling over all the obstacles they can throw in his way, and going on until he wins out or he can't go on any more. You might even hate him, but you'll head it to the man who'll fight to the bitter end. There'll be no and, only his lungs won't lift, his blood halts, his heart stops like a silent pendulum. In these men the body fails and is finished first, the spirit dies last.

Ships are like men. Some ships. Some men. They have the same made

and they have the same characters.

The great clippers that crashed the waves of last century—they were like that. So were the famous Pacific steamers. They had pride and heart and their honour was a sacred thing. But I'm thinking of a lesser-known vessel, a common paddle, and to her I'll give the palm, for in my mind she led the greatest tenacity and personality of them all.

This ship, the Oregon, rebelled dramatically against her death sentence, drove a man to the grave, and lived a reputation of immortality.

A man slipped on an escalator and slid to the bottom Halfway down he collided with a woman, knocked her down and the two continued to the bottom together. After they reached the bottom, the woman, still dazed, continued to sit on the man's chest. He looked up and politely said: "I'm sorry, madam, but this seat is for a lady."

Glasgow-made, of 60 tons, she peddled her way from Greenock to Hobson's Bay in 1860, and all Melbourne turned out to welcome her, for she was the largest vessel engaged in the extension trade, respectfully appreciated, and honored to carry 1,000 passengers.

The voyage took nearly three months, and after a touring celebrity secured a unique reputation, the Hygiene escorted with her sister children, Miss, Fort Reid, John and Columbus, she came down through Torrey Street and called at Brecken and Sydney.

At all these ports she attracted great crowds who greeted her with warmth and admiration. But Melbourne embraced her with pride and joy. When, soon after arrival, she sat in the Alfred Graving Dock at Williamstown while the painters worked on her, thousands flocked to see and talk about her. She was 380 feet long, with a beam of 32 feet and a depth of 11 feet three inches. I say her as that time and there was

no need on her. There was only a sense of history, an air of comfort and unassuming good-breeding.

With 800 guests aboard, her owner, James Hoddie and Ernest Parker, gave her a trial gallop and a demonstration in Port Phillip Bay. The boatmen flattered in the wind and the hands played. She squared up to face 10 acres of waves without an accident.

Melbourne thought of her as Sydney thinks of the Harbour Bridge. You couldn't visit the southern capital but what a man would ask you: Have you seen the Hygiene yet? You could buy into a fight with a stranger in any pub if you were rash enough to voice criticism or even offer to paddle comparison. Apart from designing you off to see the wonder of Tasmania, the Melbourne men were keen to tell you all he could about her. That, for instance, as well as being the finest pleasure boat in the world she could probably lack any other when it came to speed. At her trials she made 21 knots, and that was as good as 24 miles an hour. Foreign people walked her lower and top decks, admired her spacious parlours, relaxed in her crimson-plush chairs.

When the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—later King George V and Queen Mary—came in 1891 to open the first Federal Parliament in the Robinson Building, it was only natural that the Hygiene be commissioned to carry them from the Royal yacht *Osprey*. Bands played, crowds cheered, cheering and waving flags. Decorations adorned the vessel, garbs and gay. There were reporters and photographers and grades of aldermen. It was an hour

of glory for the Hygiene as she brought her royal passengers to the St. Kilda Pier for the official welcome. The glory was repeated nearly twenty years later when she was selected to take the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to St. Kilda.

Then came the end, night of the depression. Children cried with hunger. Starved men scuffled from ball buildings. Ragged men looked through stained glass into wretched factory yards. The boys looted the Hygiene lay tied up day after day. It was 1911.

The blow fell on June 15 of the same year when she was sold to H. W. Morris, machinery merchant, for dismantling. Morris was under a bond of £1,000 to stick the hull outside the beach.

The shipbreakers fell on her as the porters fell on the temples of old-time Australia. The Railway Pier at Port Melbourne she was broken up, yielding twenty tons of valuable brass and copper from her engine and boiler rooms, steam and electric machinery, scrap iron and steel from the main engine, sixteen stumps, deck timbers and furnishings. Capabilities cut the E-ton machinery into four parts for shipping.

Finally, the Hygiene was stripped naked. She stood a slim, sharply skeleton assemblage in just remnant. For there were still years of life in her. The great 21-foot paddles could have gone on driving for another generation. In her lifetime she had carried more than 3,000,000 passengers, and now this was the end.

She was towed by the tug *Kearney* to the Yarra coast, where her boilers were lifted out. That completed the destruction. She was ready

for her last trip, from which she would not return. As a condemned man works, she worked, and as a man of hope sometimes flirts with the life of the condemned man, so it flared into hers. There was talk of her ending her days as a housekeeper, but the Department of Ports and Harbours, with the unromantic example of another vessel in mind, decided against it.

The ceremonial formalities had to be obeyed. On August 21, 1911, she was to be burned. And at one o'clock the tug *Kearney*, under a double towline of steel and hemp, 45 fathoms long, towed her towards down the bay. Then the trouble quickly started. The westerly wind, which had been blowing since morning, increased in velocity. And it might have been that the wind and the paddles were no longer, for that wind brought up one of the roughest seas known in the Bay. The hull with her shallow draught was tossed dangerously in the heavy water, and the tug fought with difficulty, made slow headway.

The tug heaved up to forty miles an hour, gathering force, sending the water into breakers and riding mountainous billows. Captain Webb, commander of the *Kearney*, had no sooner decided to turn back to port than the cable snapped, and the bulk was adrift, with her nose of two and a cargo of dynamite. These two men, Hans Larson and Albert Smith, steering the Hygiene with a jury rudder, went to have set the fuse and explode the ship.

Mooned on the debris ship, with her open decks and the towering waves breaking over her, Larson and Smith told a dramatic story: how the *Kearney*, with great exertions

and photographers aboard, chased the recalcitrant prisoner, how for four hours they tried to haul aboard a second towline, and how finally when they had made it fast around one of the bulk's bollards, a huge rolling wave heaved the tug aloft and snapped it like string.

The exhausted men thought it was indeed the end when, in the gathering dark, the rebel ship drifted over the shallows of Mud Island, the Bay's greatest danger area, and her head struck and pinned on the bottom.

After eluding her pursuers the *Hypocrite* wallowed as if with relief in the heavy sea that engulfed on her open decks like was the freed captive, and she seemed to know, by some uncanny miracle of instinct, how to master the ruthless waters and evade the treacherous sandbanks. After drifting thirty-five miles in eight hours she was grounded on the beach at Beaufort. She was carried over a sandbank, and it looked as if she could never be refloated. Fishermen crossed Smith and Lowan early next morning.

It seemed as if the *Hypocrite* had stranded herself at the right place to ensure permanency of survival, for Beaufort's residents wanted the vessel kept on the beach as a supply-water for the fishing fleet and converted into a refreshment block, but the Harbour Trust officials were adamant. They said the bulk would become a danger to boats and an obstruction on the beach.

In December, Morris, in command, was threatened with legal action unless he shifted the bulk. He worried himself into a nervous breakdown from which he died in March, 1922.

Three months later, the Ports and Harbours Department attempted to pump out the bulk and refloat it, when Morris's associates would be called upon to fulfil the terms of the bond and sink the hull.

They refused to let her stay. They were determined to conquer her indomitability, and it was a man named Williams, a brilliant engineer of the Ports and Harbours Department, who ultimately defeated her. He improvised the motors and winches used in shifting the vessel almost single-handed, and was highly praised for accomplishing what seemed an impossible task. On June 2, after ten months' defiance, the bulk was refloated.

Six days later the steamer *Rip* towed the *Hypocrite* four miles outside the beach.

Her temporary move had ripped the bulk fore and aft with fangs so that she would sink with colours flying. It was as if she was drowned, as if she didn't know there was a thunder-bolt of explosive in her bowels. One minute she was sitting there on the sea, the next she jerked with the shock and was crippled. She slipped down by the stern in slow agony. Her bow rose. The air roared and whistled round her. It blew out her forward deck planks with the clap of avalanches. She slid and plunged 35 fathoms below, leaving a pool of foam and a wash at the stern. Haste from the old steamer *Comch* was her only valedictory.

You've seen a big tree fall. It leans on the sky, stunted with amazement, then slowly it topples and its life is gone. But the amazement remains. She went like that, the old *Hypocrite*, a ship with guts.



CROWING IS A SIGN OF COURAGE

Cock-fighting is a cruel pastime which gained popular favour in Australia during last century

FRANK SNOW



COCKFIGHTING, once-time sport of English Kings, once had a tremendous vogue—first following in and around Sydney, and Sunday was a day when many roads led to multiple scenes of the fighting "pit."

In its heyday it had probably the greatest following of any "under cover" pastime in Sydney's history.

The popularity of cockfighting around Sydney was at its peak during the second half of last century, and in many districts it was staged in a really big way, more or less in open defiance of the law.

Heavy fines for offenders caught red-handed in police raids drove operators underground, and it was stamped out, except for very closely-guarded contests.

That it survived as long is amazing

A more interesting sight than that of two steel be-spurred birds in deadly combat is hard to imagine. (The writer witnessed an abhorred-stage cockfight in Holsway in 1911.)

We must, however, acknowledge that it developed for Australia a new local breed of poultry—the Australian Game. This variety, endemic to Sydney and the Hawkesbury districts, is derived from the breeding pairs which once supplied liver fodder for the fighting "pits" and the lit entrées in that particular class of a recent Royal Border Show were their direct descendants—bred, this time, for show, not slaughter.

The first game fowl in Australia were introduced by British army officers stationed at Parramatta. The original birds, the old-style British

Game, passed into the hands of settlers, who, by steady cross-breeding, mainly with Malays and Indian varieties, produced what was known first as the Colonial Game, and later re-named Australian Game.

According to records, the Australian breed soon outclassed the old British Game for stamina, and in some respects possessed greater fighting qualities.

Breeds of fighting-birds were known as "cockens". Many of them built up their own particular strains.

Main items of breeding diet for the fighters included port wine, sponge-cake, hard-boiled egg, and stale bread soaked in warm beer.

Breeding was mainly centred on Parramatta, Liverpool, Wollara, Richmond and Campbelltown, although any amount of smaller breeders were located in suburban nearer towns, notably Burwood, Redfern and Balmain. Big meetings were held regularly at out-of-the-way spots throughout the Hawkesbury district, but most suburban areas had their own followings, staging local contests, which were sometimes located right in the municipal area, such as at Buncratters' Bay and Woolloomooloo.

A stranger had no difficulty in locating the nearest cockfight. All he had to do was keep an alert eye for the familiar Sunday-morning sight of scruffy-looking men, usually in pairs, walking along with rump-bags on their backs, and probably with a bit of grocer's weighing scales.

Contests were usually well-attended, and the location of "pit" (fighting-ring) carefully selected, both for audience and spectators' space. Some of the big meetings attracted hundreds of supporters from all ends

of life, from rich men in dress-hats. Prize money varied from £2 to £50 a fight, sometimes higher. The male fowls, of course, was the prolific side-better on every contest.

The "pit" was generally a 12-foot wide circle, walled with shallow canvas, in the middle of a clear patch of ground. A line having the circle was the "scratch", and two small squares at opposite diagonals were the "corns".

Birds were matched on their weight, the average fighting-weight being from 10 lb. to 12 lb. They were weighed down to the last 1 oz.

After matching came the sinister business of attaching the spurs. Fitting of these deadly weapons, each two inches long and shaped like a surgical needle, was a fine art. They were held in position by a ring which went round the birds' leg near the natural spur-stump, and over which a small soft leather-pad was deftly bound, crosswise, with wax-twine.

Before the birds were allowed in the ring their spurs were examined to see that they were smooth-pointed and not sword-edged.

Each bird was then taken to the ring by a man called a "holder" and held at their respective "net" until the signal for the fight to begin. Given the word, the "holders" carried the birds across the ring to the "Scratch" line, placed them on their feet facing each other, and still holding them, allowed them to exchange blows at the other's beak. After a few moments of this "mouning", the men took their birds back to the "nets", placed them down, facing each other and let them go.

Invariably, the fight-pruned birds came together in mid-air like two

thunderbolt, and thereafter the daughter was on.

The gamecock's most lethal movement was to spring at high as possible in the air, at the same time striking a lightning blow with his spurred feet at his opponent's head.

With both birds playing for the moment, a fight became a series of such mid-air clashes, alternated with periods when the combatants milled round each other seeking a split-second advantage.

As there was no time limit to a fight, those poor souls went on indefinitely, or until such time as a victorious spout struck its fatal blow, or when one of the birds, exhausted or battered into unconsciousness, dropped in its tracks.

The only other possible, but highly improbable, stoppage to a fight was when one of the birds, having tasted a bit of punishment, took to his heels. Birds in this category were known as "chickadees", and breeders went to great trouble to cull such likely performers from their fighting teams.

When a bird fell exhausted or stunned, its "backer" mounted up in 30 seconds, and if by that time the bird remained prone he could step into the ring and pick it up. The owner then had the option of withdrawing it from the fight, with victory to its opponent, or rising the bird a breathing space before going back into the ring, depending on the extent of any injuries.

If, on the other hand, a bird rose to its feet on its own account before the second "mountain" was required, the fight had to go on without the owner's interference.

To get their birds into good fighting trim, owners gave them weeks of

training, which included leaving them repeatedly up in the air for long periods at a stretch. Young cockerels were given top-wind flights wearing small "booby" gloves" made of shammy-leather and horse-hair) instead of spurs.

A young bird that was always pulled the worst of these exercises, judged as a "pouch" bird, soon lost his head.

Some birds attained great reputations as killers. One such champion bird, owned by a Portsmouth breeder, fought for seven years with an unbeaten record.

For a bird of this calibre the owner could quite be sure, if he was left his coldest. Values varied from £1 for an untamed bird from a recognised fighting strain, to £25 for a good cock with a few-able ring record.

Before a bird went into the arena he underwent considerable clipping of feathers, a treatment requiring skilful hands. All the feathers on the crown of the bird's head were clipped close, his backle (small feathers) were shortened, the wings cropped, and his tail-feathers trimmed down to fan-shape.

The most important part of this process, however, was the trimming, feather by feather, of the bird's gizzards. Each quill was cut at a slant, leaving a knife-like edge, the idea being that as the bird sprung into battle, or raised one of the quills might knock out an opponent's eye!

Breeders of the fighting-cock had many strange customs, handed down, doubtless, from the long line of breeders in England. These included such game-cock wisdom as "if a cock crows shy frequently in his pen,

it's a sign of courage", "if he crows loud and unreasonably, or before he is six months old, it is a sign of cowardice".

The accepted code for assessing a bird's fighting qualities was based on "shape, colour, courage and sharp beak". There is an old English saying that "young cocks and old hens make England".

Certainly, the popularity of cock-fighting in England dates back several centuries. During the 17th and 18th centuries it was universally regarded as more or less of a national sport, with various monarchs giving it royal sponsorship, and bestowing the glorious title of "Royal Gamecock".

In his noted diary, Englishman Mr. Poyne made an entry which vividly describes his attendance at a cock-fight on December 31, 1661, staged at Westminster. He recorded that the fight was attended by M.P.s, the Lord Mayor of London, and other prominent citizens, all watching about

dance with "bakers, butchers and brewers", and—"all these fellows swearing, cursing and bawling, out with the other".

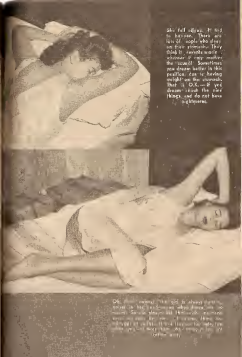
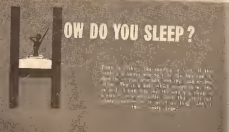
Operators at Gray's Inn Lane and Westminster, not content with two birds fighting to the bitter kill, used to stage what was known as the "Gentle Toyed". This was simply a matter of putting any number of fighting-cocks—perhaps as many as 50—into the ring together and letting them pitch into each other, until only one bird was left alive and then declared the victor.

A rival to this somewhat bloodied was the "Welsh Brawl". This consisted of a series of elimination fights, starting with 32 birds. First, 16 pairs of birds fought separate battles and the winners were matched in eight fights, and so on, until only two were left for a horrific finale.

The result of it was that in old-time England supporters loudly returned to it as the "Art of Cock-fighting".



"Who does the battleship when you sleep, Admiral?"



who feel obliged. If not to heaven. There are lots of people who sleep on their stomachs. They think it sounds more wholesome if they snore the "normal" Sometimes you dream better in this position, due to having weight on the stomach. That is O.K.—if you dream about the right things, and do not have any nightmares.

FICTION A SAP TAKES THE RAP



RON CAMPBELL

George Sylvester was walking on air—until he discovered his glamour-girl had chided on him.

THE night was air-conditioned with a bay breeze from the lake. It smelled fresh and clean. George Sylvester thought it was a night made for love on a park bench. And so he hated the night. Hated it with all the fierceness his strong young body could muster.

He was looking a battered popcorn box along the dusty path near the edge of the park, taking his bitter disappointments out on the doleful parkbeard. He hated the night as general and women in particular. He hated Alice Barrett in most particular.

His long legs curved him reluctantly into the little shade where he and Alice were to have had their date—if she hadn't broken it. It would have been their first date, too.

He swore, and the sound of the rustling cloth was strange to his ears. Then through the screen of bushes he saw the beach—and Alice.

He grinned from ear to ear, eagerly strode forward. Alice was leaning slightly forward, her chosen saying on her handkerchief on her lap. Then George suddenly stopped short in rapid motion. He saw that the butt of a butcher's knife had pushed its way into the back of her white, knit sweater. A red mantle flared in spreading circles around the shining blade. A squeal wisp of height pulled her wavered ready to send her across her forehead.

George Sylvester met death then for the first time in his eighteen years. His hair was white, his mouth partly open, he edged closer on sand



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beat. He reached out to touch the still, hard body that had been lovely and alive to him for so many hopeless, suffering weeks. Then he drew back his hand and turning quickly began to run wildly, without direction or purpose to his flight.

Rocking sobe torn from his dry throat as he stumbled along the ledge, keeping to the shadows of the stretch-bed border path. At first his thoughts were frantic, dangled in air with the frenzied pattern of his flight. Alice was dead . . . dead! They would say he killed her. He had told every one at the B & B he had a date with her tonight.

Then he was at the 14th Street turnabout. He scurried up over the wall and onto School Street. The low-hanging tree branches formed grotesque shadows under the street lights. He cowered down, keeping under the shelter of the shadows. He tried to walk calmly.

A radio was spelling a familiar voice out into the night air. George recognized the high, excited sounds made by Doc Cushman, the local telephone quiz announcer. For a moment that old hotel excitement came over him.

For months, ever since Cushman started to broadcast last spring, George had pinned his ear to his little radio each night up in his room over the restaurant. Hoping always hoping he might be called. One night when the prize money was up to 10 dollars his phone had rung—but it was just Pete Gleason asking a quiz.

For no reason he suddenly wondered at Cushman still poured vinegar on his French fries. He remembered how he had picked up Cushman's dirty dishes one day when

he was a low boy and the tall, smiling, unknown had come in to eat at the B & B. The waiter had told him who Cushman was—like she was referring to a movie star! She had poured vinegar on her own French fries ever since.

Now the radio voice was saying " . . . for tonight, Sorry, but we'll have to continue this same question again tomorrow. Who wrote the popular best-seller, 'The Earth is A-Wing' Sorry you all missed it tonight. It will be 100 dollars tomorrow at this . . . "

It might as well be 100,000,000, dollars George thought. He'd never been a chance since the policeman walking by the park bench and saw the beautiful girl who didn't turn her head or answer his greeting.

Then George stopped short. He was almost to the corner where a street-light would penetrate his frail refuge. An old man sat his high-top-ankleboots dug some out of a house on the corner and proceeded to toward the grey school building that loomed across the street.

He wanted to shout to the old man; to tell him he didn't do it. He wouldn't tell Alice. He just wanted to walk with her. He just wanted to read poetry with her under the street light in the park.

The old man had started across the crosswalk with his little corner shuffling along to front like a drop of water on a hot sidewalk.

George looked quickly back down the street. A car was coming. It was slowing down. Soon its headlights would pick him out, standing there like a cankerworm in a cornfield. Without thinking he jumped over the low hedge that surrounded the school yard and dropped flat on his



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awaken, eagerly daring to breathe. Through the leaves of the hedge he saw the car pull up to the corner. A short, fat policeman got out of the car. He waved good-bye at the driver and started over to the telephone pole as the car pulled away.

George fastened his body even closer to the hedge. A dull ache tugged at his legs. He began to tremble. He fought back an insane desire to get up and run.

He could hear a muttered oath from the cop as he stood on tip-toe to speak into the police call box on the pole. The side of his upturned face was toward George. He could see any movement behind that hedge. George thought of the many times he had hidden in that same spot before, when he was a school kid, playing hide and seek.

He remembered the stomp of his school lads. George's people, the kids used to arrive at him. Even then, he was George Fergus. And because he was always taller and stronger than his tormentors, he had taken it. So it was inevitable that "Pudding and Pie" was locked on when he started shoving back at the B & B.

And then over since Decoration Day, when Alice had moved to town and had started eating lunch at the B & B, he had joined the others in laughter when he told them the choice for dessert was "Pudding or Pie."

Ann Susan, her younger sister, was oval in her laughter. George hadn't minded when Alice laughed. The voices were silly but Alice was different. Her eyes were kind when she laughed.

That was why he was confused and lost when he had called her back about eight tonight to suggest they take a drive around the lake around a walk in the park. He had been so happy. He had promised to walk there eight o'clock on the late shift so Pete Glenn would lend him his better convertible. Pete had said maybe his help wasn't good enough for a girl with a rich aunt but George had just laughed. Pete didn't know Alice.

And then when he had called, Alice had laughed at him. "Are you plain crazy, George? I don't know what you're talking about. We never had a date in the first place. I can't imagine whatever gave you that idea." Then she had hung up because he could reward her it was she who had called him just after dinner to suggest the walk.

"Now a number in this burg?" The cop's shout jolted George from his reverie. He held his breath. Now the officer might stroll over near the hedge, look down and—

The old man who had been accompanying his dog walked by on the other side of the hedge. The cop tipped his cap.

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"Evening, Mr. Wilson. Heard the news? The murder I mean."

George shivered, his ears, but the policeman and the old man walked slowly down the street. He could not make out the words, although the excitement in the first couple's voices carried back to him.

He didn't notice the dog until he heard him start to bark. The children of the pups were like a knife cutting into his brain. He reached out to catch the jumping little animal but that only made the dog bark more. Then he lay quietly, not moving, hoping the dog would come within his grasp. The impatient policeman growled.

"What's got into you, Truett? Cowered a cat?" The old man's following voice was amused.

George saw the man's heavy coat-tails point directly on the other side of the hedge, and two rifles from his belt. He turned slowly and looked up. A toothless grin and staring wide eyes were directed above his head. The whispering voice said,

"No, Truett, what have we here?" "I guess I kinda fell asleep. I was just—that is, I was hiking through town and—" George came slowly to his feet.

"Well, now that's a shame. Might catch cold there. Where ya' headed, young feller?"

George slumped at the answer in disbelief. "Around the lake. I was—"

But the old man motioned him closer. George stopped immediately across the hedge. The cop was half a block away now. He felt the trembling hand reach up and clutch his shoulder.

"Then you can't heard the news. Biggest thing to hit this town in ten years. Murder!" His watery eyes

blinked gleefully. "You, a young lad, 'bout your age I should guess, snatched his girl friend to death. Right up there on the Lake Park." He shook George's shoulder feebly. "Get all the inside information from the police on this best. Seems the girl's mother found the body 'bout quarter after nine and the cops are combing the city. They got this lad red-handed. Her mother says the girl had a date with him all right and she was scared something might happen. Then he was sort of washed, I guess. This crime was going after the two of 'em to be sure nothing happened but she got called—now get this—by this here Doc Conkberry radio gun show at nine o'clock and she was talking on the telephone right at the time her poor mother was being stuck with the knife. It's a terrible thing."

As George listened to the quavery voice, a strange excitement crept into his mind—something was out of place! It was like an odd-shaped piece that didn't fit in a jig-saw puzzle. It ought to fit, he knew. Yet he couldn't force it into the pattern.

Suddenly his eyes focused on the old man's face again. The watery eyes were looking over George's shoulder now. The old man snatched his lips. "Tony, Tony, did you hear about . . ." George turned his head. A big black-haired hulk of a man had walked up behind George. The old man turned away from George and spoke again to the big man. "I say Tony, did you hear—"

Tony was looking George square in the eye. There was recognition in his face. Suddenly George knew him. He drove the relief history route and

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was in the A & B post a few days ago.

His voice was high and thin. "Sure, George, I heard. You don't know it but you are standing right here talking to the killer himself."

He caught the sleeve of his sport shirt and George wrenched away, leaving the sleeve in his hand. Then George threw a punch, right in the belly and followed up with another left just as Tony connected a round-house swing on the side of his head.

Flashes of fireworks burst through his brain but he felt happy in his strength. He swung one more right with wild desperation. It caught the big man alongside his left ear. His knees folded and he slipped to the sidewalk. George started to run then, but as the old man found his voice and started to cry.

"Police, Police Here's the killer."

" "

George read through the alley across the street and down Spence's hill past Butcher's house. As he ran he thought of the book of Ellen Gillespie's poems he had bought at Butcher's Book Store the previous week and sent to Alice for her birthday. It had cost five dollars but the poems were wonderful. Susan had told him Alice loved Gillespie's work so he just had to get the fine edition for her. But Alice had never mentioned it. Never thanked him.

As he ran swiftly on down to the bottom of Spence's Hill the lines of Gillespie's that thrilled him now kept pace with his pounding heart.

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in JUNE issue of

MAN

2/6

Those lines expressed the hopeless state of his progress with Alice. George sneered at the sudden, crushing pain that had lodged in his chest, but he didn't slow down. He wondered if Alice ever saw those lines in the book and thought of his love for her.

Simon had laughed at him one day when he had enough nerve to quote them to her. She sneered and warned that he read Gallegos. But he couldn't read because stiff like—like—"The Eagle is A-Wing", the book she had been reading while eating her lunch.

He shivered stupidly. That chance bit of pre-arranged rehearsal plagued him again. He shut his eyes in a futile effort to force his mind to rest and turn that little fact into the last point that lay all about him. Why had Simon just happened to be the one called on the Quon Shaw when her sister was being murdered?

The police looked like a great gunning this now. It was taunting him, defying him to fit in the last missing one. He had to see Simon quickly. It was the man-of-all-the-people who might have been called... but why would Simon want to—

The shrill wail of a siren jerked his mind back to the alley and the shadows and the danger of the unknown. He was in the middle of Little Poland now. The siren wailed again.

He wouldn't tell where the sound came from. It seemed to close down on him from every side. He crashed against the door of the Polish Hall, his chest chest heaving and his legs trembling. Then he heard voices around the corner, shouting excitedly. It might not be anything but a bunch of kids playing—but it might be the police searching for the tall,

heavy taller with red hair and freckles. He pushed at the door.

The music was fast and merry. George looked wearily over the heads of the swarming mass of laughter, singing revelers. It was a Polish wedding. Everyone was full of beer and good humor. In all the gaiety of the crowd he felt a momentary escape from the terror that had chased him the length of his town. No one paid any attention to him or his torn shirt.

He walked slowly along the edge of the dance floor. Then he looked at the door where he had come in. Cold fear crashed down on him once more as he saw a tall, gray-haired cop looking over the crowd. He wanted to stop running then.

Then the helplessness of surrender, while everything pointed the finger of guilt at him, made him take one last chance. He turned his head away from the door. His eyes were desperately searching for a person, when he heard a happy voice behind him:

"And this tall one has not danced with the bride yet, have you?"

George hesitated. Then took her slender waist in his arm, she laughed and talked nothing of country that made no sense to him. He granted what seemed appropriate replies, but his eyes were searching. Police seized him. He couldn't find the cop!

Then a heavy hand fell on his shoulder. He started to wheel, ready to strike out or run away once more, but the girl in his arms said:

"Barney, you old dork. I thought you couldn't get off duty tonight. I have been waiting this dance for you all evening!"

The cop and the bride danced away. They never looked back. George was

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only a few feet from the edge of the floor. He walked slowly, carefully along the wall and cut the side door into the passageway between the hall and the old Grand Hotel. To his right was a dead-end formed by the sill of the Polish Hall. To his left the street offered another brief taste of liberty and a treadmill for his pounding feet. Quickly he ran toward the open end of the passageway.

He didn't see the lurching little drunk till it was too late to stop. They tumbled and George tumbled over him and onto the sidewalk. He started to get up but the drunk was sitting on his legs.

"Get off Quick! I'm in a hurry. Get up!" He wanted to scratch the unshaven, dead-smelling face that grinned feebly at him. But he knew violence might attract attention.

"Whose money, money? Whose face? Haha, pol. Just goes' up to the corner and get me an extra. Gotta read all about the bar murder tonight ya' know? Just heard 'em telling 'bout it on the radio an—"

George stopped shoving the drunk off his legs. "What did the radio say?" He shook the little man by the shoulders, roughly. "Did they catch the killer, yet?"

"Not yet, m'boy. Gotta give 'em time. But I heard about the threads' death marriage he and her."

George struggled to his feet and propped the little man against the building wall. "What marriage Quick, tell me!"

"You know love-mate kid and the girl-friend a book and he married some poor with red hair, ah 'bout he was going to kill her if she wouldn't— Say, screw, maybe we could have a lit drink, just as two buddies."

Terror and reason fought for control at George's brain. He couldn't just keep running away. Soon was tracking him for sure. He knew it now. He had never reached that point in death passage with red hair. Soon was trying to make him the killer. He had to find Susan and force her to admit he hadn't dated Alex tonight or threatened her.

George turned away from the drunk. He started to jerk off the grumpy head that still clutched at his arm for support when the fatty winks broke into his consciousness. "Help, I know you mean. You work up there at that greasy spoon. Hey you— you're the George Pangle Pushing and Pile, killed his girl and made her die. Shey she's pretty good."

He began to shout, "Help, help, call the police somebody. I got the George Pangle killer right here . . . help—"

His last words were cut off as George's long fingers dug into his

throat. For an instant George fought back at the whole world through the wild strength in his hands.

Suddenly George let go. He couldn't kill this derelict any more than he could have plunged the butcher's knife into Alex.

Two men started across the street toward them. George ran quickly down the street and headed toward the wooded path that faced the Jackson Heights motor. The hoarse cries of the drunk grew fainter as his tired legs gathered speed.

How long would it be before the two men cornered him up and returned to his wild tale about the killer that almost claimed a second victim this night? How long could he keep free, stay alive? He started for the machine station. Susan and Alex's house was at the top of the hill.

A bubble of water came from inside the station. Then one weak, louder than the rest came through the window as he uncapped in shadow. . . . careful on the way home. This killer is dangerous. We think he's down at this and at two now. Don't let any of these girls walk away the ridge alone." George recognized the voice of the policeman. Murray, who must have been called back on duty in the moment!

He knew now there was only one way to get up the hill. He couldn't ride up in the little machine car with a cop standing there checking the passengers. He would have to hitch a ride on the side under the battered old dummy car that pulled the passenger car up the hill.

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the hill and he would ride up the hill as counterweight to the descending passenger car. He would have to be careful but he might make it.

This was the last lap.

At last the slowly descending dummy car grunted to a halt. The shiny black cable fastened to its rear slackened. He rushed from the shelter of the waiting room shadows. In an instant he was under the car and scrambling into place on the narrow greyish rods. The car lurched forward just as he watched his left leg into a precarious foothold.

The steering steel wheels turned slowly, uneasily. He clung desperately to the rods, the car lurched back and forth. His nerves tightened like the straining cable that stretched out a few feet beyond his head. If the cable should break! And what if the wire too tore? What if Sam's wasn't home?

As the car climbed higher he felt like a tightrope walker on the back of a giant bird slowly winning its way high above the earth. Then, in a flash, the jagged peaks fell into place. The movement came into the normal and wanted to be controlled. At last a kind of desperate peace came over George.

He had to find Sam's now! He just had to make her talk. Make her tell him why she hadn't answered the question tonight. Because she knew the answer! She had to know

Bryan O'Neil had written "The Eagle is A-Wing". That was the book she had been reading at lunch the other day. The "no-man" book — and yet Conway had had the question asked unanswered.

Just then he felt the track level off and the car came to rest.

George crept along the track back to the cliff side of the terminal, and onto the street that skirted the top of the ridge. Once more George ran through the night.

George rushed against the side of the doorway as he pushed the bell. He was shivering. Sweat stained his oil-stained shirt. Lights were out in the front room. The door opened slowly.

He could see a form standing there in the half light. It was a woman. He opened his mouth to speak when the back of his head exploded in an agony of pain. A million lights flashed past his eyes and then just as quickly blanked out. A solid black velvet curtain started down around him and muffled out the pain.

Yours came back with the waking pain in his head. At first they overlapped and the woods were standing on end. Then they fell apart and came back together like carpet make rushing toward a magnet.

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It was urgent. . . . I saw our heads now. The stupid cops as they hick town believed the whole story. They know you called me on your radio show partly by chance. The phone numbers are picked at random. What an idiot Ray could I have stuck the butcher's knife in my poor little sister—just to get my hands on our daddy's leavy \$2500 dollars legacy that should have been mine in the first place.

"No, not me. I was talking to my darling sweetheart on his every gas programme, wasn't I, dear?" The voice grew harsh. "Be now, this jerk has to dig through the cop's clumsy fingers and beat it right in my chest."

George was about to open his eyes. That was his Alice's voice. But it couldn't be. Alice was dead. Stripped with a butcher's knife from the B&B. He forced his eyes open. He stared in wild disbelief across the dirty la-zeez at Samma Barrett. She wasn't looking at him. She was talking to someone across the room—behind where George lay on the floor.

Then it made sense.

His own had deceived him now and they had deceived him once before! Just a few speckling hours ago when Alice had called him for that that date in the park—it hadn't been Alice at all! It was Samma. That was why the real Alice had been so surprised when he had called back an hour later. No wonder she hadn't known what he was talking about.

Slowly his mind focused on the other voice. He didn't need to turn his head.

He remembered that voice with its excitement, its golden promise. Only now the voice was deflated. Now it was cold and hard. It was Doc Cashaway. The man who told the

police he was talking to a Miss Susan Barrett at nine o'clock last night. A certain Miss Barrett whose number he just happened to select from the phone book! Phone book.

Maybe George was through running now. Maybe—He raised himself on his elbow, slowly, painfully.

"Well, dreamer has come up for air," Susan said.

"Why don't I row him out in the lake and hold his head under?" Cashaway said casually.

George was shocked at the casual way his death was discussed. Then he was surprised at his own voice. "I'm not your problem, Cashaway. Getting rid of me is just child's play. How are you going to explain to the cops about the phone book? They say he stupid—but when they get the little note I dropped in the mail tonight it will explain everything."

Cashaway was down on the floor, a bar black cigarette in his fist. The barred smile vanished. "What are you saying, punk? What did you write to the cop? Quick, answer me!"

George choked down a rising wave of nausea. "The phone number on the book. Alice and Samma moved to town last May and the new phone books came out the last of April. So there isn't any listing for this phone in the book. The cops will—"

Samma's high shriek cut him off. "He's lying! You looked up the number, didn't you? Didn't you?"

Cashaway moved fast. He ran into the little hallway off the living room and grabbed the phone book. He still held the gun in his left hand and began frantically turning the pages with his other hand. The book fell to the floor.

Samma and he both were down on their knees grabbing for it when

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George let go with his long arm. He crashed the book up into Cashewey's face. He scrambled to his knees and swung another powerful blow that caught Cashewey on his right cheek.

Sam drove himself on George's hand. She was scratching at his eyes. He couldn't see but he removed his body straight ahead, throwing Sam on top of Cashewey and pushing him off balance. The gun was lying only a few feet behind Cashewey.

But before he could turn over and get the gun in his hand, Cashewey had rolled out from under Sam and had thrown an armlock around George's neck.

Then he felt long fingers reaching around his face to press into his eyes. Desperately he tried for the gun with his foot. The gun in his throat and back seemed unbearable.

He felt his foot strike the gun. He twisted his hips and angled the gun toward him. Sam sprang.

He kicked out hard and caught her on the shoulder. She screamed in pain. The gun was close enough now. He grabbed it with his free right hand and fumbling about pressed it into Cashewey's side.

"The gun," he shouted. "YE shoot ... let it ... YE shoot." Then the terrible pain fell away and he breathed in great gulps of air. He rolled over on his back and slowly got to his feet while Cashewey slumped on the floor and Sam shivered softly across the room.

George was still breathing heavily as he picked up the phone. "Get me the police," he panted. Then he sat down to wait with the gun in his hand.



"As he trying to make SA."

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BLAZE OF GORY

There was a handsily simple solution to these waterfront slaughters.

NO great effort was required to know that death was coming over the water again. Hence, the present captain, looked blankly over the rim of his coffee cup as the machine splattered into him, versus a bored eye on Ed Smiley, police reporter of the Standard. Smiley, propped sideways on a bag, old-fashioned couch that nearly filled one wall of the office, turned a cynical glance at the noisy machine.

"Two bits," he remarked briefly and went on rolling a cigarette.

While the instrument spoke its nameless price, Evans paid it its attention. He nodded his head slightly, in acknowledgment of the bet, hitched up his blouse and reached for the lamp end of the strip hanging from the telephone's mouth. A glance sufficed.

"Orally," he muttered, and his eyes glared. "You win, Ed. Take it out in smoke or trade."

"Shut up!" Smiley dropped his cigarette swigs into a vest pocket, lit his smoke and inhaled. "And double or nothing the body is missing."

Evans nodded absently. "That's all," he said, almost without moving his lips. "The other two were West." He tossed a limp slipper toward the desk commissioner.

This time his words were clear.

announced with casual precision.

"Bummer!" The commissioner bellowed. "Down down," he said. "Your stew is cooling again."

A moment or two later, the office door swung wide. Neither Evans nor Smiley bothered to greet the newcomer. Butner accepted a paper cup of coffee from Evans with one hand, took the teletype strip with the other.

"Want me to handle it?" he asked, between gulps. He set down the cup, ran a loose-fingered hand through his grizzled grey hair and turned his watery blue eyes on the captain.

Evans nodded briefly, handed him a gun regulation, "Yours stuff on the other two. Y'know, the is beginning to look like Son's Kanyan's touch."

A glance of triumph narrowed Butner's eyes to pinpoints. "I was wondering when you were going to get hot in that," he said slowly. Just before he left the room he pointed to a pile of unopened mail. "Guess you didn't read my note. I thought it was Kanyan. Shut down there in black and white." He exited, chattering.

Evans returned his seat. He rifled through the yellow slips, discarded immediately those marked with a clerk's serial number, finally picked one up. Smiley gazed at him narrowly as he glanced at the type-

page, read through a couple of lines and tossed it in the wastebasket. The police reporter bent over to tie a shoelace.

"Y'know," he said between tightened lips. "If I didn't know you better, I'd lay anybody in this dump there to one that you're trying to cash Butner's act. F'goshdore, he's an old man!"

"Yeah?" Evans laid down the outside wear over which he had ordered fresh coffee. "And since when have I been sending out corpses to look for Son's Kanyan? Butner's near the retirement age, but he's not dead yet."

The reporter leaned back on the couch and picked bits at a lease above of leather. "What's more, I wouldn't call your interest in this case hysterical. These murders—well

devil's easyway—in your own goodness, and you haven't batted an eyelash."

The captain grunted. "You know me, Watson," he began. "I sit in my little spider's web, guffawing at the threads. When the hapless fly gets too cocky over from my leg touch, I pounce." Abruptly his face changed, rose a bit. "Let the relatives worry about squashes—that is, if the fishes haven't dined too heartily on the bodies."

"You want be kidding? The bodies?" Smiley swung a wary glance at the Captain. "When squashes start bleeding into their clothes a minute or two before they stop naked and step into the river, a blue moon with pink stripes will and the silver stars."

The phone rang. Evans wearily raised the receiver to his ear, listened

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a minute. "Bang!" The captain's right arm, resting against a wire basket full of papers, suddenly straightened, sending them flying to the floor. "Kempen! The stinker!"

Snafley leaped on the back of his lost in front of the police dock, his benturing mask gone. Before he could break the sudden, deadly silence, Evans crashed the receiver down on its back. Clutching his coat and cap from a clothes tree a few feet from the dock against the wall, he watched on the commensurate with a free fight, barked:

"Whiskers, Ferns! Get Car Number Two and these men around to the dock. We're heading for third and East 32nd!"

Swiftly he slipped back the switch, drew his own gun from a desk drawer and beckoned to Snafley. "Come, Kempen, the dirty rat, said he's been taking Butler for the past ten minutes and is going to give him the works on the third St. waterfront."

Snafley followed on his wake without a word, but his dull eyes glanced furtively.

Proceeds upstream was rapid. Evans, seated next to Snafley in the rear seat of the powerful car, brimmed swiftly. From time to time the reporter glanced at him sidily, noted the signs of a stark, terrible mental travail raging beneath the capped head, fastened his eyes on a fixed seat of horror on the down gun held tightly in the captain's hand.

The machine slowing down Third Street, he began shivering on a mad cacophony as it took the curve liberally on two wheels. There was a sudden lurch as the car righted itself, seemed to pause for an instant, then hurried toward the waterfront.

At one glance, Snafley and Evans took in the blazing torch that flared against the sky, lighting the walls of the military gasoline dump on the waterfront corner. Before the bushes could be ignited, a fire engine tore clattering down the cobble pavement from the direction of Third St. Men erupted from the red machine, battered a hole in the corrugated metal fence surrounding the dunes, were playing streams of water on the fiercely blazing spot when the police and Snafley came up at a run.

Evans pushed the fire chief aside, bent to look at the body, turned because any possible recognition as it lay beside an empty gasoline drum whose ripped sides were pierced with a bullet hole.

"Butter wasn't wearing goggles when he left," triumphantly exclaimed Snafley. "He had on a dark brown—"

Evans brushed past him with an oath, poured over the side of the dock, played a flashlight on the dark, quiet water. Glancing over his shoulder, Snafley noticed Butler's hat, water-soaked, gently bobbing on the tide.

"Well," he demanded, brusquely, "when do we drag the river?" Then as Evans picked up a gun lying on the edge of the dock, "He must have struggled with him, then just as Kempen pushed him into the water, fired his gun. The bullet hit the gas tank, ignited the gas, and set Kempen on fire."

Evans walked over to the corpse, stared at the cringed horror for an instant. "That night, making a good case, except that poor Kempen has been dead for two years."

"Then . . ."

"Yeah, it's Butler. And these 'old-order' bodies."

"But you talked to Kempen over the wire?"

Evans drew a hand across his forehead. "Maybe I thought I did. It was Butler, only I forgot that it might have been." He looked at Snafley. "I know the whole thing was a fake from the start. Butler put that recommendation on my desk a week ago when they found the first bundle of blood-soaked clothes. The blood made it look like a murder—and identified Kempen's trademark."

"Butter was dying of cancer. He hadn't made an arrest in three years. And accidents want to look their best when they go. Ask any psychologist."

Snafley laughed bitterly. "You're as wet as a hen. What can, man or not, would be like that?"

"Yes, right. If you fired a bullet through your head a second after you'd soaked yourself in gasoline from a tank you'd plugged, and if a match I guess he tried to throw the gas into the river."

Snafley pointed to the corpse. "Old-order want to look their best, eh?"

The captain unified the barrel of Butler's gun, examined the splinter. He shook out two empty shells.

"A man with cancer looking at his grave might forget a lot in two years," he remarked absently. "Butter wanted us to think he'd caught a real, big-time bad guy—and drowned doing it."

He passed, looked up at the distant skyline of the city. "Even I want to die with my boots on."

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QUICK CHANGES

There are many races of people on earth—the British, American, French, German, American—and-Hollywood. And sometimes the Hollywood people do not race fast enough—they are caught. Matter of fact, they change their husbands and wives as often as other people change clothes.

One Hollywood blonde, looking somewhat run-down, visited a doctor. The medicine examined her and said: "What you need is a change." The star looked at him incredulously. "A change?" she asked. "Do you know that during the last 18 months I've had three husbands, four sons, three jewel robberies, eleven coats, two staircases and seven (audience!) What sort of a change do you have in mind?"

A Hollywood producer saw one famous film star dining at an exclusive restaurant with a woman. He asked why she was. "That is his wife," the producer was told. "His wife?" the producer exclaimed. "Of course! What a publicity stunt!"

They do say that Hollywood is becoming famous because a newspaper printed a factual article which included: "At

least 90 per cent of the known stars are less luxurious than the sun."

A comedian once said: "A woman on the stage should be the star and the clothes her background." Judging by some of the things we have seen on the stage, some stars have rather sketchy backgrounds.

Which reminds us, the man who said there is a place for everything, forgot your elbows when you are sitting between two hot women at a picture theatre.

And, of course, a picture theatre is a place where the most gripping scenes are not on the screen.

Two Hollywood starlets saw a big star enter a famous cabaret. Said one: "The floor was red when I last saw it." The other gave her a sympathetic look. "My dear, that was dyed ago."

At least one actor is not a human actor. He is invariable.

The leading man in one epic was making violent love before the cameras. "Hey," shouted the director, "The camera won't pass that stuff!" The leading man paused long enough to say: "O.K., save the film and switch off the lights!" It's a great life in Hollywood.



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